Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1835. Whole No. 727.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

LINES.

On the death of a Young Lady by Consumption.

Another flower has left its parent stem;
Not by the winds hurl'd lifeless to the ground;
No summer's sun hath scorch'd it—and there came
No rude hand there to crush it, or to wound:
Spring's rosy breath had just with sweetness crown'd
Its opening loveliness, when in his way,
Fiend-like decay the helpless victim found,
And o'er his prize exulting, hideously,
Grasp'd its frail form, and with malignant lust,
Leaf by leaf plucked and strewed, its glories in the dust!

Oh, fell disease! and thou triumphant death!
Conquerors of earth! could not one hope escape
The blasting siroc of your poison breath?—
Where were the guilty, that ye could not keep
For such peculiar bitterness?—nor heap
On one so harmless, helpless, all your wrath?—
But, gentlest spirits soonest learn to weep,
Whilst the stern heart for tears no fondness hath,
As summer showers will inundate the rose,
Though they could scarcely mar the rugged Oak's repose.

Yet, if things earth-born yonder heaven may see,
And all its noon-day blaze of glory find,
Thou, lov'd and lost! so stainless, and so free
From the dark passions of our humankind—
Thou hast its angel-band of Seraphs join'd!
Life was, at best, but like a dream to thee;
The beautiful, but perishing creature of a mind
Too pure for earth, yet but awhile, that we
Might gaze upon its virtues, and adore,
Ere to its skiey home, it went, to stay for ever more!

SENEX.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

AFRICAN CHARACTER—PART II.

In Africa, we find the negro not only capable of mental cultivation, but to judge from the slight opportunities they have of acquiring knowledge, and the readiness with which they receive instruction, we may justly conclude that their intellectual powers would prove to be, if properly cultivated, equal to those of the Europeans. The testimony of travellers who have visited that country, prove, that notwithstanding the many disadvantages under which the native African labors, many of them exhibit evidence of intellectual talent, and benevolence of heart, that would do honor to any nation. Major Denham in an account of his visit to the Sultan Bello of Sackatoo, after speaking of his hospitable reception states," that towards the close of my visit he began to press me with theological questions, and showed himself not unacquainted with the controversies that have agitated the Christian world—indeed he soon went beyond my depth, and I was obliged to confess, that I was not versed in the abstruse mysteries of divinity. Upon being shown the planisphere, he proved his knowledge of the planets, and many of the constellations, by repeating their Arabic names. The telescope, which presented objects inverted—the compass by which he could always turn to the east, when praying—and the sextant which he called the looking glass of the Sun, excited peculiar interest."

In the interior, they have considerable knowledge of the mechanical arts; Timbuctoo, is represented to be an important commercial city, and its citizens are celebrated for their intelligence, and advancement in the mechanical arts. Among the articles of manufacture that are to be found in Africa, may be enumerated, leather dressed in the same style as that manufactured at Morocco, cordage, hardsome cloths, firm tissue, agricultural tools, and various articles manufactured from gold, silver and steel, in which they are very skilful—indeed it is said that the cutting instruments made at Hassa, have a finer and keener edge than those manufactured in Europe; their files are also said to be superior to those of England and France.

In some kingdoms, advocates are employed, to plead the cause of those brought before their tribunals, who succeed as well as their brother advocates in some other parts of the world, in puzzling the brains and confusing the intellects of their hearers.

A writer, speaking of their public discussions and passion for poetry says, "The public discussions in Africa, called palaver, exhibit a fluent and natural oratory, often accompanied with much good sense and shrewdness. Above all the passion for poetry is nearly universal. As soon as the evening breeze begins to blow, the song resounds throughout all Africa—it cheers the despondency of the wanderer through the desert—it enlivens the social meetings—it inspires the dance, and even the lamentations of the mourner are poured forth in measured accents."

Speaking of the poetry of the Africans, reminds me of an anecdote, which, although well known, is so beautifully characteristic of the hospitality of the African character, and so forcibly illustrates the kindness and benevolence of woman's heart; that I cannot forbear inserting it, believing it will be read with the same pleasure that I have always experienced in its perusal.

At Sego, Mungo Park being forbidden by the King to cross the river, was viewed with distrust by the inhabitants of an adjacent village, who, believing he had some designs upon government, were unwilling to incur the displeasure of the King, by giving him shelter. "I was regarded," he says, "with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without food, under the shade of a tree. The wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain, and the wild beasts are so numerous in the neighborhood, that I should have been under the necessity of resting among the branches of a tree. About sunset, however, I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose, that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labor of the field, stopped to observe me. Perceiving that I was weary and dejected, she inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night. Finding that I was hungry, she went out and soon returned with a very fine fish, which being boiled upon some embers, she gave me for supper. The women then resumed their tasks of spinning cotton, and lightened their labors with songs, one of which must have been composed extempore, for I was myself the subject of it. It was sung by one of the young women, the rest joining in a kind of chorus. The air was sweet and plaintive, and the words literally translated, were these:

The winds roar'd, and the rain fell;
The poor white man, faint and weary,
Came and sat under our tree—
He has no mother to bring him milk;
No wife to grind his corn.

Chorus

"Let us pity the white man;
No mother has he to bring him milk,
No wife to grind his corn."

Trifling as this recital may appear, the circumstance was highly affecting, to a person in my situation. I was oppressed with such unexpected kindness, and sleep fled from my eyes. In the morning, I presented my compassionate landlady, with two of the four brass buttons remaining on my waistcoat; the only recompense I could make her."

Another circumstance, related by the same gentleman, gives pleasing evidence, that although in a land, where the influence of christianity had not been felt; he was treated by its inhabitants, as a man and brother; when naked, they clothed him; when hungry, they fed him; and when sick, they visited and comforted him.

Mr. Park, after having overcome many difficulties, and experiencing the general hospitality of the natives, arrived in the rainy season at Kamalia; he mentioned to its inhabitants, his intention of crossing the Jalonka wilderness, from which he was persuaded by an individual named Karfa, who pitying his destitute condition, offered to give him plenty of victuals, and a hut to sleep in, until a more suitable time for traveling had arrived; and that when he was conducted in safety to Gambia, he might make what return he thought proper: while under the roof of this benevolent man, he received every attention that could have been expected, from the most devoted friend; he here recovered from a fever with which he had been afflicted for some weeks. "Thus," said he, "was I delivered, by the friendly care of this benevolent negro, from a situation truly deplorable. Distress and famine pressed hard upon me; I had before me the gloomy wilderness of Jalanka, where the traveller sees no habitants for five successive days. I had observed, at a distance, the rapid course of the river Kokaro, and had almost marked out the place, where I thought I was doomed to perish, when this friendly negro stretched out his hospitable hand for my relief." The same traveller in remarking upon the character of the Africans, and the treatment which he experienced when among them, says,—"All the negro natives that fell under my observation, though divided into a number of petty, independent states, subsist chiefly, by the same means; live nearly in the same temperature, and possess a wonderful similarity of disposition. The Mandingoes, in particular, are a very gentle race, cheerful, inquisitive, credulous, simple, and fond of flattery. Perhaps the most prominent defect in their character, was that insurmountable propensity, which the reader must have observed to prevail in all classes, to steal from me the few effects I was possessed of. No complete justification can be offered for this conduct, because theft is a crime in their own estimation; and it must be observed that they are not habitually and generally guilty of it towards each other. But before we pronounce them a more depraved people than any other, it was well to consider, whether the lower class of people in any part of Europe, would have acted, under similar circumstances, with greater honesty towards a stranger. It must be remembered that the laws of the country afforded me no protection; that every one was permitted to rob me with impunity; and that some part of my effects were of as great value in the estimation of the negroes, as pearls and diamonds would have been in the eyes of a European. Let us suppose a black merchant of Hindostan had found his way into England, with a box of jewels at his back, and the laws of the kingdom afforded him no security—in such a case, the wonder would be, not that the stranger was robbed of any part of his riches, but that any part was left for a second depredator. Such, on sober reflection, is the judgment, I have formed concerning the pilfering disposition of the Mandingo negroes towards me."

"On the other hand, it is impossible for me to forget the disinterested charity, and tender solicitude, with which many of these poor heathens, from the sovereign of Sego, to the poor women, who at different times received me into their cottages, sympathised with my sufferings, relieved my distress, and contributed to my safety. Perhaps this acknowledgement is more particularly due to the female part of the nation. Among the men, as the reader must have seen, my reception, though generally kind, was sometimes otherwise. Avarice in some, and bigotry in others, had closed up the avenues to compassion; but I do not recollect a single instance of hard heartedness towards me in the women. In all my wanderings and wretchedness, I found them uniformly kind and compassionate; and I can truly say, as Mr. Ledyard has eloquently said before me—"To a woman, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If I was hungry or thirsty, wet, or sick, they did not hesitate, like the men, to perform a generous action. In so free and so kind a manner, did they contribute to my relief, that if I were dry, I drank the water draught; and if I were hungry, I eat the coarsest meal with a double relish."

"It is surely reasonable to suppose, that the soft and amiable sympathy of nature, thus spontaneously manifested to me in my distress, is displayed by these poor people as occasion requires, much more strongly toward those of their own nation and neighborhood. Maternal affection, neither suppressed by the restraints nor diverted by the solicitudes of civilized life, is every where conspicuous among them, and creates reciprocal tenderness in the child. "Strike me," said a negro to his master, who had spoken disrespectfully of his parents, "but do not curse my mother." The same sentiment I found to prevail universally."

"I perceived, with great satisfaction, that the maternal solicitude, extended not only to the growth and security of the person, but also, in a certain degree, to the improvement of the character; for one of the first lessons, which the Mandingo women teach their children is the practice of truth. A poor unhappy mother, whose son had been murdered by Moorish banditti, found consolation in her deepest distress from the reflection that her boy, in the whole course of his blameless life, had never told a lie."

The Rev. Mr. Spaulding, a missionary, who has resided for some time in, or near Liberia; states that the natives, in the neighborhood of that colony, are much more intelligent than the colonists; that their appearance loudly proclaims that they have never wore the bonds of servitude, nor been subjected to that oppression, that annihilates the mental faculties of man and degrades him to the level of a brute. He mentioned, that in dealing, the natives were far superior to the colonists; that when a ship-load of emigrants arrived off the coast, they expressed their satisfaction of the bargains in prospect, in the following language, "plenty fool man now; plenty fool man, got plenty money," meaning, that the newly arrived emigrants were ignorant, and that in dealing, they would take the advantage of them. Such is the testimony of those, who from close observation and personal experience, have been enabled to form a correct estimate of the moral and intellectual character of the modern African.

In my next, I propose giving a brief account, of the lives of one or more native Africans.

M. C. S.

A DAY AT CARTHAGE.

BY M. M. NOAH.

"Abdallah, tell Hahl to put the horses to the cabriolet—we will ride to Carthage."

"The horses excellenza?" said Abdallah, with visible surprise and astonishment. "Why not the animals?" for so he called the mules; "it is degrading to hitch a noble creature, like the horse, to a carriage; besides, *altissimo sesor*, it is not usanca in this country."

Abdallah was an old Persian, who had been, for many years, dragoman to the consulate, and was brought to Tunis from Derne, by General Eaton.

His beard was gray and "grisly," a kind of pepper-and-salt, long and thick. Mussulmen generally appear much older than they really are; their dress, their shaven and turbaned head, their long white beards, give to a man of sixty years the appearance of eighty. Abdallah was the guard or porter; he was at his post always at dawn of day with a little wicker basket, containing bread, a few olives, and, sometimes fish; and he would carefully watch the entrance, until the voice of the faithful, from the minaret of the mosques, announced the setting sun and evening prayer. Hahl brought forth the mules and harnessed them to the carriage. He was the second dragoman—a noble looking Turk, of twenty-two—nearly six feet in height—an intelligent, manly face, with fierce looking mustaches—a short, curly beard, and an air of proud defiance. He hung his yataghan by his side, and a brace pair of pistols in his girdle, and brought forth his horse [illegible] a long flowing tail and mane; the ends of which, and the hoofs, were tipped with a brown juice from the *henna*—his head hung down, with a sleepy look, yet there was occasionally a fiery glance that shot from his eye—and he reared and snorted, and sprung forth with energy, as his manly rider vaulted on the high peaked Moorish saddle.

Count Camillo Borgia, a Neapolitan general, and a descendant of the great Cæsar Borgia, a man of talent, and on his travels, seated himself with me in the carriage, and we passed through the heavy gates of Tunis, and entered on the level plains that lead to Carthage. It was a lovely day in May—the wild roses grew in abundance, throwing their fragrance around, and perfuming the air with a thousand odours; the grass was green and high, and the olive and corob trees were in full blossom. What a splendid climate! how pure and balsamic was the soft breeze coming down from the snow capped mountains of *Hammam Leef* and sweeping through the gorge across the ancient suburbs of *Mendracom!* Here was the broken line of that noble aqueduct which furnished Carthage with water from Zowan, (Zama,) the spot where the last great battle was fought between Hannibal and Scipio. In the distance, in front, where the three hills on which the once mighty city stood in all its glory—no vestige of the splendid temple of Esculapius, or the citadel of Byrsa was to be seen. A lonely tower, erected by the good St. Louis of France, in which he died, serves to announce to the approaching ship that this was the *Promontorium Carthagen.* We wound round the base of the mountain. It was scarcely ten o'clock, and we had the day before us. Near one of the ruins there were a few Arab tents—several women were weaving a kind of coarse cloth with uncovered faces; some were attending on their goats—their eyes were dark as the gazelle's, and their complexions a deep olive, tinged and burnt with the sun. We mingled sociably with these peasants; and one, whose regular features, and pretty mouth and teeth, might have enchanted an anchorite, seated herself on the broken shaft of a column, and partook freely of the refreshments we had brought from the carriage. The count was busy in sketching the scenery and objects around us; and the dragoman regarded me with great uneasiness as I told the Arab girl frequently to cover her face which she laughingly refused to do.

"Excellenza—it is dangerous—it is not our custom. Should you be seen conversing with a Moslem woman, your life—my life—might be in danger."

"Nonsense, cousens, Hahl; no one is present but ourselves; no one can betray us; sit down and interpret to me what the wild girl of Carthage has to say."

"Are you quite happy?"

"Certainly. Allah protect me—the sun that shines on you shines also on me. Our goats are the tree—there also are the orange, the date, and lemon tree. We weave our cloth, milk our goats, sleep in our tents, are here to-day, and to-morrow may be at Bizerta. We pay tribute to the Bey, and no one disturbs us."

"How prettily you talk. Were you ever in love?"

"Oh always. I love my father best; my lord—my mother, she is my mistress. I love my brother and Sidi Yusuff the mufti. I love my flock. I love the air, the sky, the spangles in the heavens, the flowers that bloom around me."

She spoke rapidly, and her large, dark melting eye flashed as she spoke with wildness and expression.

"It is another kind of love that I mean. You are not married?"

"No."

"Have you a heart?"

"What is it?"

"The seat of life and happiness of pain and anxiety; it throbs and beats in unison with our feelings. Give me your hand—there; do you not feel it beat?"

"Oh is it that? I have one also—it beats just as yours; feel mine."

The dragoman was quite uneasy at the reciprocal discovery of hearts which we were making, and paced rapidly to and fro, then stopped short again to translate from the Arabic the rapid sentences of the girl.

"If you had a husband, surely you would love him better than the old mufti or your flock?"

"No, not so, we never seek our husbands; they are brought us, and we must marry them—it is the custom, and when they are tired of us, they marry again. We are their slaves; we work for them; carry their burdens, eat when they have done, and keep awake while they sleep; Allah will have it so and we are content."

"Why should I make this poor girl unhappy by painting in vivid colours the passion of love—by exhibiting the silken chains of the heart; by breaking through the happiness of her pastoral life, and showing the picture of the world; its fascinations and attractions; its glare and glitter; its pleasures and miseries? No, I will not do it—here she lives amidst the broken columns of antiquity, serene and happy to conscious innocence and enviable purity." The girl took from the corner of her woolen mantilla, that gracefully enveloped her whole person, a few silver coins, a few copper dinars and some broken pieces of glass which she had discovered among the ruins; and offered to sell them to me for a piastre. I gave her a golden *mahboob*, which made her eyes sparkle with delight and she looked her thanks in a most bewitching manner.

Count Borgia had nearly finished a drawing of the spacious cisterns, still in excellent preservation, which contained the water for the use of the great city. We rose to ascend the hill and went through the subterranean apartments doubtless used as granaries, but which Lady Montague mistook for the chambers of the elephants.

"*Sidi*," said the Arab girl, "I can show you from the summit Cafe Tibbib and Tarbarca—it is a beautiful sight, shall I go?"

She called her goats together, and the bells of the little herd tinkled as they grouped around her, and with a sprig of the melancholy cypress in her hand, she waved it over them, and ascended with us the rough and thorny path to the tower of St. Louis. The view from the summit was inexpressibly beautiful. The blue and calm waves of the Mediterranean lay before us; to the right, the magnificent bay and harbour; the lake and mountains to the left; at a distance of ten miles, were the ruins of Utica, and the senate house; the river Bagrada, on which Regulus killed the great serpent. We selected a shady retreat for dinner after having surfeited ourselves on the beauties of a landscape and water scene which can only be imagined, not described. The cloth was spread on a piece of table lawn, and the contents of the hamper emptied. The Arab girl ate a *beccafico* and the wing of a pheasant with some comfitures, and drank a glass of sherbet; the dragoman wrapped in his handkerchief an interdicted bottle of Burgundy, which, in spite of the laws of Mahomet, he emptied at a distance, in a trice. The heat was oppressive, and on preparing for a *siesta* the Arab girl threw herself against a bank enamelled with flowers, and most hospitably and affectionately placed my head on her lap, and fanned me while I slept, with her cypress bough. I was restless and perturbed; the scenes around me awoke so many reminiscences in history, were big with so many great events, that I dreamed I saw them all before me in real and substantial existence! Methought the Arab girl led me by the hand across the patio of a noble palace, like the Parthenon at Athens, yet more lofty and magnificent; from the portals of which issued hosts of armed men, with shield and helmet ready for the field. All was bustle, hurry and confusion. A figure like the fabled Hercules, with a brazen helmet, a shield of burnished gold, and a sword which flashed and sparkled in the sun as he waved it aloft, called aloud to arms; while the shrill trumpet sounded long and loud from the battlements. It was Hannibal who stood before me; the Arab girl beckoned me along. I could not withdraw my eyes from a figure so noble and commanding, so fearless and brave; but what was the cause of this sudden movement, this rush to arms, this clangour of sword and shield and waving of banners? From the citadel we looked towards the *Promontorium Appolonis*, when lo, myriads of barks were making towards the cape and landing troops. It was Scipio, surnamed Africanus, who came to end the second punic war. The troops land; their battering rams—the chariots and charioteers—the old guard—the young recruits—the pikes and spears appeared like a forest—they march onward toward *Zama*—Scipio, the young and gentle warrior, at their head. Now the troops of Hannibal pass through the suburbs of *Mendracom*, and make for the battle; the cry of vengeance is heard; they meet, and the clash of swords and shields reverberates like thunder; they are mixed and commingled in dreadful confusion; shouts and blows, and neighing steeds, and the clangs of trumpets drowning the cries of the wounded! Hark, 'tis the voice of Hannibal piercing through the din of battle!

"What ho there, ye Brutii! urge on your elephants—drive them through the ranks—strike your spears into their powerful sides. Ha! well done, well done. On, on my faithful Gauls—dash through the colours of that slave Masanissa. Who is it that heads the centre of the enemy? By all the gods 'tis Scipio in person; and there too, on the left wing, is *Lælius*. Forward, forward my *Mauritanians*. Ha! well struck; the wing gives way. No, no, they only open to give a passage to the furious elephants; they pass without trampling the foe under foot. What squadron of horse is that galloping from the field? It is, it is the faithless *Legurian*. Oh Mars, let me not forget in this dark hour, that I conquered on the banks of Ticinus, at Trebia, Thrasymene and Cannæ. Up with the third line! Your pikes, Carthagenians, your pikes! Hannibal leads you on."

The cry was loud and furious—the onset dreadful. The fight was fierce and long. Scipio formed his troops in the entire line, and the cavalry of *Lælius* fell on the rear of the Carthagenians, and all was rout, carnage and confusion. The battle was lost, and Carthage was the prey of the victor. Methought I saw *Scipio Emilianus* invest Carthagenia in the third Punic war. *Asdrubal* commands the citadel, the splendid temple of Esculapius is one sheet of fire, and the noble wife of Asdrubal throws herself into the flames. I hear the shouts of the victors—the crash of the falling columns; the *Ætna* of fire and smoke, which crackles in all directions, the shrieks of women, the imprecations of the deserters and mercenaries broke with horrid yells on my ear, and I started on my feet from this terrifying dream. How changed was the scene! The sun, in mellow light, hovered over the mountains of Hammam Leef; the flamingo was sailing through the calm air, his golden feathers tipped with the rays of the glorious luminary; the bees were humming around me, and fluttering on the wild rose bushes; the mules, freed from their harness, were browsing where once stood the triple walls of Carthage; the dragoman, like a faithful sentinel, rested on a broken plinth of *verd antique* marble; Count Borgia was neatly arranging the drawings in his portfolio, and the wild Arab girl, not the least interesting in the group had collected her little flock around her, and was preparing to leave us for the tents of her tribe in the valley below. How silent, how placid and still, was the spot on which a mighty city once stood, and millions moved in bustling activity! Where are the gallant spirits who led the cohorts to battle and victory? Where was the lovely Queen who founded this great emporium? Where were Cato, Jugurtha, and Sempronius? Where, in later times, Lanctantius, St. Cyprian, St. Louis of France, and Charles the Fifth? Their footsteps had pressed the soil on which we now stood—the corroding hand of time was on them; the air, the sky, the sun and the sea were the same; yet they were gone. So it has ever been—so it will ever be. Ambition—proud, anxious restless ambition—might here receive a salutary lesson.

The coachman cracked his whip and the carriage rattled by the broken arches of the noble aqueduct destroyed by the Goths and Vandals, and we entered Tunis in the soft and mellow twilight, as the faithful were repairing to the mosques for the evening prayer.—*Mirror.*

Napoleon at Fontainebleau.

At the close of one of those festivals—a ball given preparatory to the departure of the Emperor for a new campaign, a *fête*, (no offence to the Montmorencys, the Noailles, or the Grammonts,) as graceful and brilliant as the more legitimate Courts of Fontainebleau ever witnessed—the gay circle was dissolved, the lights extinguished, [illegible] state apartments to ascertain that all was safe, had retired in their turn to rest. Nothing remained in evidence of watchfulness but the Captain of the Guards yawning at his post, the numerous sentries *en faction* in the various quadrangles of the palace, with here and there a light streaming from the windows of some vestibule or staircase, such as in the abode of even the most frugal and self-secure of sovereigns—of a citizen-king, for instance—gives evidence that there must be no *night* within the purlieus of a palace—that perpetual vigil is indispensable to secure the safety of an anointed head!

All was quiet, save the tinkling of the Fountain of Ulysses in the great court, and the harsh croaking of the frogs in the adjoining lake, when, on a sudden, a slight tumult became perceptible in the *Cour de la Fontaine*; and a few stragglers in complete dishabille, were seen hurriedly traversing the corridors leading to the *Aile des Princes*. Sentries were challenged, and gates unclosed! The stir and bustle increased. Corvisart, the Emperor's favorite physician, had been hastily summoned from his bed,—what, *what* could be the matter? Was Josephine, whom often already a remote hint of the premeditated repudiation had thrown into hysterics, again attacked with *migraine?* Had Madame Mere fasted too long over her beads? Or was the Princess Borghese suffering from some of her imaginary heart-aches, or head-aches? Vain toil to guess! Some hundred or so of young and fanciful beauties, just then lodged under the peaked roofs of Fontainebleau, were enough to afford practice and perplexity to Galen and all his sons.

But it was not for the sake of anything in the shape of woman—no! not even of Madame de Walewska herself—that Constant would have presumed to steal down the little circular staircase leading from the Emperor's apartment to the *Cabinet Typographique*, where on the eve of his departure for the grand army, he was engaged in investigating a map, pricked out subsequently to the Military Council of the morning, by the hands of Baron Fain and Baron Bacler d'Albe.

Leaning over a table overhung by a shaded lamp, and covered with maps and plans, Napoleon's attention was engrossed in dictating notes to his aide-de-camp, when a slight knock at the door announced some privileged person; and with a face foretelling the tidings of a tragic volume, the *premier valet de chambre* made his appearance.

"What is the matter Constant?" cried the Emperor hastily, apprehending he knew not what from this unprecedented interruption.

"Sire, with your Majesty's gracious permission I have ventured to intrude, in order——"

"Bah! Speak out—to the point!—What has happened?"

Cardinal Caprara, Sire is expiring!"——

"*Après?*" inquired Napoleon calmly insinuating his forefinger into his waistcoat pocket, and regaining himself with a pinch of snuff as irreverently as if the "*après*" of the extinction of a member of the Sacred College could possibly lie within the prerogative of a valet de chambre!

"Sire! your Majesty's goodness will I trust, pardon my officiousness, but I consider it my duty to acquaint your Majesty, previous to the fatal catastrophe, that——"

"Bah!" again interrupted the Emperor—never so completely "*le petit corporal*," as with a military map before him, and a perspective of triumph opening from its indications.

—"That his eminence has fallen a victim to *poison*," continued Constant, satisfied that it was his business to persevere in his relation.

"*To poison!*" ejaculated Napoleon, turning round short on the valet de chambre.

"*To poison!*" reiterated Fain. "Poisoned in the Royal Palace of Fontainebleau!—a Prince of the Holy Roman Church—the Nuncio of the Pope—poisoned!—*Quelle horreur!*"

"This becomes serious," said the Emperor, coolly. "Who is with him?—Who has been sent for?"

"The Bishop of Meaux, Sire, is with his Eminence."

"A Bishop!—why not a physician?—Where is Corvisart—where is Ivan?"

"And the Almoner of Her Imperial Majesty," continued Constant, "is about to administer"——

"Extreme Unction, no doubt! When an emetic might prove the Cardinal's salvation!"

"Meanwhile, if your Majesty will permit me to observe," said the aid-de-camp abruptly, "this unfortunate event may lead to most calamitous conclusions. Cardinal Caprara possesses the personal regard and confidence of His Holiness; and his mission to France, bearing reference to so delicate and personal a question, inferences might possibly arise."

"You are right!" cried the Emperor. "I should be on the spot; and the more so that the Cardinal appears to be surrounded by a tribe of fools, more idiotic, if possible, and old-womanish than himself. Constant,—my hat. Be in waiting in the library till my return."

And having hurriedly traversed the corridor leading from the Royal library to a small door opening under the grand stair case of the *Fer a Cheval*, the Emperor hastened across the courts of the two intervening quadrangles with such rapidity, that the sentry at the first post had scarcely carried his hand to his musket to present arms, when his majesty reached the second. All was in confusion round the entrance, and on the staircase leading to the Cardinal's apartments. The doors of the ante-chamber stood wide open, and two *garcons de bain* were squabbling in the saloon; every person in authority having pushed forward to the *ruelle* of the dying Churchman.

"Did Caprara sup with me to night?" inquired the Emperor, as he crossed the vestibule, to Fain, who was closely following.

"Your Majesty forgets, perhaps, the *fete*, the ball——"

"True, true!—He was served, then, in his own apartments!" continued Napoleon, addressing a domestic in the livery of the Household, who was about to scud away on recognising the Emperor. "Where did his Eminence sup to-night?—who was present?—who furnished the repast?"

"His eminence supped in his own chamber, Sire, attended by his own almoner, on dishes especially prepared by his own domestics," interposed the aide de camp, who had overheard the question, and was aware of Napoleon's fondness for succinct intelligence.

"So much the better!" muttered the Emperor, taking breath. "It is probable, then that there may be no poison in the case. He may be dying of a surfeit."

But when, in another ten minutes, penetrated into the bed-chamber, there no taking the symptoms of the Nuncio for those of indigestion!—Churchmen and Laymen—gourmand and not—short necked or long—it was no ordinary case which had rendered his face so livid, his lips so blue, his respiration so distended; nay, his eyes so fixed and glazed that even the entrance of the Emperor produced no change of countenance in the moribund!

"Alas! alas! dying without the consolation of the Church!" sighed the Hotel host, as he let fall upon the coverlet the hand he was holding in his own, in the hope of discerning some sign of amendment.

"Dying before half those of his mission were accomplished!" murmured Innocence's Secretary, who had expected to find his services in the affair requited with a fat benefice.

"Dying in a foreign city, so far from our *bella Roma!*" faltered a poor Neapolitan marmiton of his suite, who had crept towards the bed and was blubbering unheeded on the threshold.

"What was served to his meal at supper?" inquired Napoleon of the latter, tapping smartly on the shoulder, ere his own entrance noticed by those administering to the dying man, most fixing their whole attention on his countenance.

"*Ahi, ahi!*" sobbed the suddenly looking up, and trembling with consternation perceiving by whom he was so cavalierly accosted. "*Madre di Dio!—Sua Maestà!*"

"I ask you what was set to his eminence at supper?" persisted the Emperor. "Answer quickly and briefly for his sake and yours."

"Mushrooms, Sire!" inserted Fain, who had already obtained from the Cardinal's *maître d'hotel*, the desired intelligence. "*Les Oranges à l'huile, a l'Italienne*, by his own cook."

"*Coglione!*" ejaculated Bonaparte, all the Corsican kindling in him at the words a genuine Orange is to be found on this side the Alps! They have poisoned him with some noxious fungus!—*Des Oranges sautes à l'huile!*—Let Paulet be instantly sent for. It may not yet be too late to try a counter poison."

And satisfied that a supper of mushrooms would afford a very natural cause to many Europe for the sudden demise even of a Cardinal, the Emperor returned to his surveys as speedily as he hurried them.

"So, then, *Monsieur le B?*" cried he, seizing Constant by the ear as he traversed the *Bibliotheque*, where the valet-de-chambre was waiting to enter the topographical study,—"You thought, it seems, to break in upon my privacy, because a pampered priest chooses to over-eat himself!"

And Constant, discovering an instant from the familiar mode of his Imperial Majesty's address, that he considered Caprara in no real danger, and was no little pleased to find the case less urgent than he had been led to expect, ventured to reply, that "another time, under such circumstances, he would show more discretion."

"Another time, under such circumstances, (if ever another cook should be found in the palace, of sufficient ignorance to serve up toadstools as an *entremet*) do as I have done now—send for Dactorulet, who has passed his life *de s'enchampignonner*, in dying the nature and properties of mushrooms, and not interrupt me, *till* the ipecacuanha has done its work."

"See Doctor Paulet to-night, before he quits the Cardinal, that you may be posted with particulars when you wake in the morning," was Napoleon's final adjuration, when, having officiated his master's toilet, Constant was about to retire for the night, to receive the same services from his own valet-de-chambre, leaving the door of the Imperial Chamber to the guardianship of the faithful Rostan.

Unhappily, further intelligence on the subject awaited the *reveil* of the Emperor. Two words from Constant would have sufficed to acquaint the world that Paulet had administered an antidote, and that the Cardinal was out of danger; but while a Page of the Household was offering formal condolences and formal compliments to the Prince of the Church, on the part of their Imperial Majesties, the Duc d'Otrante had arrived from Paris, and was about to be admitted to an audience of the Emperor!—the Duc d'Otrante,—the Joseph Fouche—the Minister of Police,—whose name has been damned to everlasting fame, in France, as the able organizer of a system of espionage, unique in the extent of its efficiency; and who was at that period forestalling the desires and projects of Napoleon by preparing the way for his divorce, and the formation of a more auspicious matrimonial alliance.

"This is a sad affair, Sire, of the Cardinal Caprara," observed the *Chef de Police*, having completed the transactions which had motived his journey from the capital.

"*Sad?*" reiterated the Emperor. "I understood from Constant that Paulet answered for his life?"

"I met Doctor Paulet, Sire, as I entered the *Cour d'Honneur*."

"Well?"

"He assured me that there were no grounds for alarm,—that in a day or two his Eminence would be as well as ever"——

"And capable of supping a second time on a ragout of *fruses Oranges!*—Jackass!"——

"But is it *proved*, Sire, that the mushrooms *were* pernicious?"——

"*Proved!* You should have seen the Cardinal's face!—*purple* as his stockings! Many an unfortunate *gamin* has been deposited in the dead room of the Morgue, with twice as much life in his frame! *Pernicious!*—Nothing but Paulet's skill could have saved him!"

"Your Majesty mistakes me. *Poisoned*, I admit him to have been; but my people have assured me they have procured evidence that the mushrooms picked and selected yesterday, at the Cardinal's own suggestion, during a promenade to the Rocher de Monigny, were of the true [illegible] Orange species. It occurred during [illegible] verbial parsimony, not choosing to be seen entering the palace gates, charged with a pannier of mushrooms like the *baudet* of a market gardener, intrusted them accordingly to the hand of a wood-cutter working near the spot, who engaged to convey them to the Cardinal's kitchen. By this individual, they were assuredly changed on the road."

"Bah!" cried the Emperor. "Would you and your *mouchards* have me believe Caprara is a sufficiently great man to have enemies among the wood cutters of Fontainebleau? Poison a Cardinal? They could do no more for me!—Besides, the people of these cantons still stick of Bourbon patronage, and are as pious as the prudes of the Faubourg St. Germain. I would warrant every knave of them to kiss the hem of the petticoat tail of the smallest member of the sacred conclave. Poison a Cardinal! They would as soon think of denying St. Peter!"

"Nevertheless," pursued Fouche, "my agents assert that Cardinal Caprara is detested as the supposed bearer of his Holiness's promise of assent to the project of your Majesty's divorce." (Involuntarily Napoleon turned his eyes towards the door affording access to his apartments, from those of the susceptible Josephine.) "Nor need I remind you, Sire, that the extreme popularity of the Empress"——

"I know, I know," interrupted Napoleon, who was indeed aware that the rumour of his repudiation of Josephine, had created a most unfavourable impression throughout the kingdom. "But do you pretend to insinuate that the French nation has entered into a conspiracy to poison Caprara, for having been the mere state courier of Pius VII? *Quel diable!*—Josephine's party must, in that case, be stronger and more redoubtable than I have ever had cause to think it!"

"The young man pointed out to suspicion as the bearer of the mushrooms from Montigny to the Palace," resumed the Duc d'Otrante, repressing the sneer of his Imperial master, by proceeding at once to *facts*, "is one to whom the attention of my people at Fontainebleau has been previously directed, as dangerous and involved in mysterious concerns."

"Under *surveillance*, then?"

"Under *surveillance*."

"And yet employed in the public works! Why, under such circumstances, allow him to be retained by the Inspector of the Royal Forests?"

Fouche replied only by a smile, manifestly implying, "To keep him under the cognizance of the Police."

"True!" rejoined the Emperor, replying to this tacit reply. "But it might be desirable that your people kept their *hands* as well as their eyes upon a fellow, instead of leaving him at liberty to spoil the supper and night rest of a Prince of the Church. *Gepetto!* These mushrooms may yet chance to brew in a Papal Bull!"

The breakfast hour was now approaching, the one of all the four-and-twenty when Napoleon was most accessible to familiar intercourse; and Fouche seemed to profit by his increasing good humour in order to push still further the subject under discussion.

"In the apprehension that an unfavourable view of the affair might reach the Court of Rome," said he, "I have already caused this young man, this Guillot to be arrested. It is a token of respect due to the rank of Cardinal Caprara."

"Respect due to a broomstick!" muttered the *Petit Corporal.*

"Which motive might perhaps be held insufficient," pursued Fouche, "but that in spreading a net over a minnow, I hope to secure as fine a crack salmon as ever wagged a fin within the meshes of the Police."

"Aha!" cried Napoleon, who had been traversing the room, and now stopped short opposite the official operative, who might be called (as Victor Hugo terms our English hangman) "*the royal right arm.*"

"Within the last six weeks," continued Fouche, "a mansion situated near the ferry of Valvin, which your Majesty once entertained thoughts of buying, (but that the situation was scarcely secluded enough for the purpose,) as a residence for Madame de——"

"I know, I know," hastily interrupted Bonaparte, vexed to find the organization of his secret Police so admirable, that not even a casual expression of his own could escape its scrutiny. "Who lives there now?"

"The English *detenu*, Sire!—Monsieur le General R——."

"*An English family at Fontainebleau?* An English *detenu*—an English General Officer? You must have planned this for my especial annoyance! *Sacre nom de Dieu!*—Have I not expressly desired that these people might be kept out of my way? Last year, as we drove near the bridge at Verdun, on our way to Mayence, had not the English prisoners the audacity to greet me with hisses, and opprobrious epithets?"

"Which offence against your Imperial Majesty's person half a dozen of them are still expiating in the dungeons of Bitche," replied Fouche, coolly. "But General R—— is scarcely to be classed among a tribe of foolhardy midshipmen, such as the lads in question. For several years he has resided in all honour and tranquility at Verdun; and it was but a few months ago that I received an application for a *permis de voyage* for his family to pass two months at Fontainebleau, in order to try the effects of the *cure de raisin* for his daughter, stated to be in the last stage of decline. There was no plea for withholding from *him* a favour frequently conceded to English prisoners on parole; especially as your Majesty had then announced your intention of dividing the autumn between Rambouillet and St. Cloud. A passport was accordingly granted, and General R—— established himself at the Pavilion de Valvin"—

"At least, while residing so near the Palace, you have placed his correspondence under scrutiny?"

"More particularly, Sire, since the General's lady, who is daughter to a member of the English Cabinet, keeps up constant intercourse with her family."

"And has any thing—*transpired?*" said the Emperor, fixing a scrutinizing eye upon Fouche's countenance.

"Nothing, Sire," he replied, *preparing* to touch a point on which Napoleon was just then *peculiarly* sensitive to the sneers of the English press. "Nothing—unless a few idle comments in the letters of Lady Emily R—— upon the age and personal coquetry of the Empress, as well as her unaccountable influence and popularity with the nation."

"Mere flippant woman's gossip!" said Napoleon, having recourse to his snuff box.

"But exactly of the kind to obtain ready currency in London; where any absurd slander relating to your Majesty's domestic circle is voraciously swallowed. I have, therefore, suppressed the letters."

"Good!—but better still, had you kept these people away from Fontainebleau altogether. Send them back to Verdun without loss of time."

"I understand your Majesty's departure to be fixed for to-morrow? The young lady is seriously indisposed; and, as a week remains unexpired of the General's *permis de séjour*——"

"At least, do not let it be *renewed*," cried Napoleon, "and let me hear of no more English prisoners at Fontainebleau. If they fall sick, let them find some occupation less obnoxious to me than a course of Chasselas grapes.—*En attendant*, what has this General to do with Caprara's mushrooms?"

"The young man named Guillot having been arrested this morning before daybreak, and his papers secured——"

"Papers?—The papers of a wood-cutter?"

"We find reason to believe him a man of birth and education," continued the Minister of Police,—"bearer of a false passport; nay, *pour trancher le mot*,—the son of the emigrant Duc de la Roche Allier,—and here on a rendezvous with his friend General R——, for the purpose of effecting negotiations——"

"With the English Government?" cried Napoleon.

"No Sire;—with the people at Hartwell!"

"An emissary of the Bourbons—a secret emissary—a spy;—yet bearing the name of a family which dates its chivalry from the first crusade!"

"The young Count has learned his lesson, Sire, in England; where, under your favour, spies are treated with the reverence due to the hazards of their arduous vocation.—Andre, whom the Americans hanged, has a monument in the Royal Abbey of Westminster."

"My poor Fouche! which of your hangers-on has repaled your wounded vanity by that piece of information?" inquired the Emperor, laughing heartily at the fact so naively boasted by his *chef de mouchards*. "But no matter! What have you done with this individual?"

"Sent them forward to Bicetre."

"Have you reason to suppose he has connexions in the Faubourg St. Germain?"

"The most important!—nay, suspicions point at the very household of the Empress. Two old jackanapes, the chamberlains, Count ——, and ——, cannot get rid of their Bourbon hankerings."

"And General R——?" demanded Napoleon, amused to perceive the pertinacity of Fouche's antipathy to every thing and every body connected with Josephine.

"Has rejected the proposals with which he was insulted. A paper in his hand writing, Sire, was found in the cottage of the *soi disant* Guillot,—a letter desiring him to set foot in his house no more. English officers possess a nice sense of honour; and this R—— appears to be *un homme de bien?*——"

"*Comme ses autres*, I suppose! But if young Allier's mission was thus infructuous, what has kept him at Fontainebleau?"

"The young man's *service pensees* are not easily to be developed," said the Duc d'Otrante. "It is probable he had an ulterior object in wishing to obtain access to the Palace, which he hoped to secure by offering his services to the Cardinal's people—having previously been frustrated by the intervention of mine. I need scarcely, however, point out to your Majesty, that an emissary of the Bourbons may be inferred to cherish no great predilection for his Eminence, as being the avowed friend to a measure likely to give an heir to the empire, and secure the downfall of their dynasty."

"Away with you!" cried the Emperor; "Asses as they are, the Bourbons and their agents are scarcely likely to fancy, that by poisoning a single Cardinal, they could circumvent all amicable intercourse between the Tuileries and the Vatican. Your people have outshot their mark. We have to thank Caprara's gluttony, as the accidental means of unravelling an execrable plot; but if the mushrooms were of a pernicious kind, trust me his Eminence has no one to thank for the mistake, but the purblind, half witted rascals of his own scurvy suite."

"As your Majesty pleases," replied the minister, taking his portfolio under his arm, preparatory to the ceremony of taking leave. "In that case, all further interference in the business is superfluous."

The Emperor, meanwhile, had taken his resolution.—The day not being one of those set apart for the chase, he was comparatively master of his time; and having signified to the Empress at her toilet, an intention to ride towards Melun, accompanied only by the Grand Marshal, Duroc, and the aide-de-camp on duty, he quitted the palace in the afternoon, without cortege or attendants.—Having reached, at full speed, the Croix d'Augas, and thence diverged into one of the lateral alleys leading to the foot of the rocks crowned by the Calvaire, Napoleon suddenly drew up, acquainted the Duc de Friout that he had a visit to make privately in the neighbourhood; and, having demanded the least frequented route to the village of Valvin, dismounted, and gave his horse to the aide de camp. Duroc, suspecting some intrigue of gallantry, involuntarily smiled as he offered his services as guide, and, having fastened his horse to a tree, and recommended, *en passant*, to the young Count Flahault, (whose looks betrayed no small curiosity concerning his Imperial Majesty's proceedings,) not to grow too impatient during their absence, he set off in the direction of the river, through one of those beautiful green alleys, entangled with juniper and broom, and overgrown by the greatest variety of wild flowers ever collected together in one of nature's uncultivated *parterres*,—which constitute a peculiar charm of the forests of Fontainebleau. Duroc, although admitted to the most familiar intimacy with the Emperor, was, of course, too good a courtier to hazard an inquiry touching the *object* of their route; while Napoleon, by his conversation on the scenes they were traversing, and a learned term of silvan culture introduced by Violaineau, for the regeneration of the Royal forests, was evidently anxious to evade all allusion to the subject.

"Yonder, Sire, is Valvin," said the Grand Marshal, as a few scattered cottages at length appeared at the end of an avenue of young plane trees, beyond which glittered the blue waters of the Seine.

"Return then, and await me in the Forest," replied Napoleon hastily. "And, should any one belonging to the Court come across you, be especially careful to give no indication of my destination."

And immediately, with a second smile, which he tried to render as little significant as possible, Duroc, (who on more than one previous occasion, had been the confidante of an Imperial, or Consular *amourette*,) returned towards the place of *rendezvous*, leaving Napoleon to pursue his unmolested way, "*sous l'orme*." The Grand Marshal's interest in the mystery might have been perhaps more strongly excited, had he seen the Emperor with his hat pulled over his face to avoid recognition, trudge onward, till he reached the wicket gate of a large garden surrounding the mansion known by the name of the Pavilion de Valvin, and notoriously inhabited by an English *detenu*.

"Is the General visible?" inquired he abruptly of the servants, who answered his hasty summons at the door bell,—and, without waiting for a reply to his query, he entered the hall.

"Whom shall I announce?" demanded the amazed domestic.

"No matter,—a stranger!"—replied Napoleon perceived that his person was unknown to his conductor. And following him closely, they entered together a small saloon overlooking the garden; and as Napoleon concluded, the presence of General R——.

But he was mistaken. There was no general—no man in the room—to warrant the loud step and haughty countenance of the intruder; but close beside the open window, and in an attitude of despair, sat Lady Emily, supporting on her shoulder the feeble head of the fairest creature on whom the hero of Marengo had ever looked. Her cheeks were colourless, indeed,—colourless as those of the dead; and her air so languid, that even her light brown ringlets seemed to hang in utter idlelessness round her face. But it was as it were the face of an angel! and so potent was the influence of her unearthly delicacy and loveliness, that even as the lawgiver of Israel put his shoes from off his feet, when he found that the place whereon he was standing was holy ground, so overcome by the purity of her aspect did Napoleon lay aside the sternness of his demeanour. The eyes of both mother and daughter were swollen with weeping; and Lady Emily though evidently recognising the person of her visiter, made no effort to rise which could disturb the gentle sufferer whose head rested on her bosom. Her whole heart, her whole soul was with her afflicted child! How different a scene from the tumultuous disorder prevailing round the death bed of the Cardinal!

"I have a thousand excuses, ma'am, to offer," said the Emperor, in a subdued voice, advancing towards the window where they sat. "I had expected to find General R——."

"My husband has only just quitted the room," said Lady Emily, hesitating what title to assign to her unceremonious guest.

"In that case, allow me to seek him elsewhere. The presence of a stranger may be painful to the young lady your daughter, whom I grieve to find so much more seriously indisposed than I had been led to anticipate."

"No!" faltered Miss R——, in a tremulous voice, overcoming at once her natural timidity and her horror of the name of Bonaparte, in the consciousness that the man before her was sole arbiter of the destinies of her family. "My father will be here immediately. Do not leave us."

Unaccountably touched by the feeble accents of the gentle voice which thus addressed him, Napoleon instantly accepted the seat, pointed out by Lady Emily with as dignified a gesture as if he were a prisoner in the land and she its sovereign.

"My daughter is suffering from the results of severe agitation," said the high bred hostess, in a hurried voice, as if eager to conciliate her visiter, previous to the General's arrival. "A recent event,—the arrest of an intimate friend"——

But the words were suspended on her lips; for at that moment, undisturbed in countenance, unaccented in demeanour, the cold blooded General R—— entered the apartment. Bonaparte rose, and advanced to meet him; and the salutations exchanged between them were simply those of gentlemen and equals. Even when the Emperor reseated himself uninvited, the British General did the same; thus tacitly expressing his intention to see in the anointed of the Pope, a Sovereign still unrecognised by the Government of his own country.

"The object of my visit here, Sir," said Napoleon, his *hauteur* returning as he foresaw the determination on the part of his host, "was to express my satisfaction that an officer, a brother soldier, should have escaped the snares laid for his honour by the exposed family of Bourbon; a circumstance which transpired this morning, in the seizure of certain papers belonging to a young traitor, who should bear a less noble name, or pursue a less ignoble line of conduct!"

"You allude of course, to Count Jules de la Roche Allier," replied the General with a coolness amounting to irony. "But I am at a loss to understand in what manner my connexions with him can have become interesting to the existing Government of France."

"I allude," interrupted Napoleon, "to your refusal to become a party to a conspiracy planned by the traitors at Hartwell; and confided to the intermediation of Count Jules de la Roche Allier, who has been arrested on other charges by the vigilance of my Minister of Police."

"Count Jules de la Roche Allier an agent of the Bourbons—a spy in the land? Your Majesty has been cruelly and grossly deceived!" interrupted Emily, indifferent even to her father's displeasure at such a crisis.

"You are, indeed, in error, General Bonaparte," said R——, pertinaciously making his dissent from the mode of address adopted by his daughter. "Whatever may be my ground of enmity against the young man I believe him to be innocent of the madness imputed to him. Suffer me, meanwhile, to thank you"—a bitter sneer passed over his countenance as he spoke—"for believing a British soldier, at large on parole, to be incapable of plotting against the Government which has become the depository of his honour."

"And what, then, was he doing at Fontainebleau?" cried Napoleon, rising angrily from his seat, without even hearing the taunt of his ill judging host. "It is true this young man was arrested on mere suspicion. But a false passport, his papers, your own letter?"

"*A letter?*——"

"Desiring him to set foot in your house no more, and referring to his negotiations——"

"For the hand of my daughter. Know, sir——"

"A few words may suffice to explain this vexatious business," interrupted Lady Emily, trembling at the thought of the indiscretions into which her husband might be betrayed by his twofold aversion to the Emperor of France, and the adherent of its fallen kings. "The family of La Roche Allier having resided, during its period of emigration, in Edinburgh, was welcomed in the higher circles of that city with the deference due to the unfortunate. In the common course of hospitality, Count Jules was introduced to our house, formed an attachment to my daughter, and eventually made overtures for her hand——"

"Overtures peremptorily declined by her father," interrupted the General; "by her father, who could not justify it to himself to bestow the inheritance of one of the most ancient families in Scotland upon a alien, a foreigner, a man who neither spoke its language, nor——"

"Professed its creed! I understand your scruples, sir," said Bonaparte, whose looks, ever and anon, reverted, during the explanation, to the pure pale face of the young English girl,—so mild, so full of resignation, so different from the meretricious beauties of his own dissolute Court.

"Pardon me,—we are all alike of the Church of Rome," said the less petulant Lady Emily, willing to insinuate a word in extenuation of her daughter's preference.

"I must conclude, then, madam, that General R—— had personal reasons for declining the alliance of the house of Roche Allier?"

"It is enough that he saw fit to exercise the authority of a parent over his child," said the General harshly. "Unwilling, however, to tax my daughter's submission by leaving her exposed to this presuming young man's assiduities, I prepared my family for a continental tour; and it was then that, while under sanction of our international treaty, we traversed France, the arrest and detention of every British subject who had been rash enough to confide in the good faith of the Republic, consigned us prisoners to Verdun! *There*, separated from her home, her country, her friends, my daughter's health, already impaired by pulmonary attacks, has gradually declined; and though," he continued, struggling to assume a more cheerful tone, lest the admission of his foreboding should prove injurious to the invalid, "though I am assured by Miss R——'s medical attendants that the system we are trying at Fontainbleau will, in a short time, complete her restoration——"

"No, father, no!" faltered Emily, involuntarily interrupting him. "You do not so deceive yourself,—you cannot so deceive me; I am dying; yes, I know it. I am dying! Roche Allier's arrival here, (disguised, and at the risk of life and honour,) convinced me that my mother's letters had already conveyed to our friends in England the knowledge of my rapid decline; and that poor Jules was periling all, in hopes that the presence of one so dear might avail to suspend the fatal blow. But he came;—and my father interdicted our meeting—my father was still inexorable! And now, Jules is a prisoner—and *I* on the brink of the grave!"

There was a momentary silence; for the hollowness of Emily's voice conveyed a fearful confirmation of her assertions.

"But I have not been disobedient,—have I father?" she resumed, perceiving some indication of emotion in her father's countenance. "I shall not bequeath you the memory of a rebellious child! From the day of receiving your commands, I have held no communication with him; and now all risk is over of thwarting your wishes. I shall see his face no more. I am dying!"

And again she bowed her head on the bosom of her afflicted mother, who was no longer able to repress the tears with which she had been struggling.

"If you could suggest any thing in my power to alleviate your sufferings," said the Emperor, deeply touched, but too much habituated to the control of his feelings to evince any symptom of emotion; "if, consistently with my duty to the nation——" He hesitated. He felt that it was not for *him* to propose the liberation of an emigrant Royalist.

"You could do *much*," said Emily, striving to speak more firmly. "You could release my father and mother from captivity. When I am gone, it would be a grievous thing for them to be fixed in France, incessant contemplation of the grave of their only child. Promise me that you will release them,—that you will send them home to Scotland—to their friends——"

"And Count Jules de la Roche Allier?" exclaimed Napoleon, sympathizing in her filial devotion.

"For *him* I have nothing to ask," said poor Emily.—"He is innocent, and therefore you dare not injure him."

"Are you aware, madam, that his family is especially excluded from the Act of Grace conceded to the emigrants?—that he has brought a proscribed head within reach of the retributive justice of the French Government?" added the Emperor, willing to probe to the utmost the heroism of the courageous young girl.

"Release my father and mother," she faintly reiterated, clasping her hands as she spoke. "I leave the rest to God."

"I am at liberty, then, to do my worst," said Napoleon; "since even his friends refuse to plead in his behalf."

"I would pledge my life and honour on the innocence of young Roche Allier!" interrupted the General. "Of fraud or treachery he is incapable. His attachment to my daughter has alone brought him into his present predicament."

"Give her to him, then, and end it!" said Napoleon abruptly,—having already seated himself at a writing table. "Return to England, Monsieur le General, with your family, and relieve me from the presence of this rash young man, by carrying him with you as your son."

And while General R—— hesitated whether to accept or reject the benefits thus cavalierly conferred, the Emperor rose and presented two folded papers to the hands of Emily.

"Both of these are yours," said he, with one of those radiant smiles which sometimes brightened his sallow visage. "One of them regards your father, and one—your husband. So dutiful a daughter will make the best of wives."

"It is too late! Alas, alas! it is too late! Yet a few hours, and my heavenly father will receive me to his mercy!" faltered Emily, now almost exhausted by the agitation of continual emotion. "Accept, however the thanks of one about to be released from all earthly bondage, that you have imparted peace and consolation to her dying hours!"

And big tears rolled down the pale cheeks of the sufferer, as she extended her slender hand, as a parting token towards the Emperor. Profoundly touched, he raised it to his lips; and ere General R—— recovered his self possession sufficiently, to explain or remonstrate, Napoleon, after a respectful obeisance to Lady Emily, had quitted the room.

"She will not die," muttered the despotic Napoleon to himself as he pushed his way back through the gathering twilight towards the spot in the Forest of Fontainebleau, where Duroc was in waiting. "She *must* not die! I will send Corvisart to her!" And with an impetuosity equal to that of Uncle Toby, when he swore that Le Fevre should live the Emperor, as he strode along, crunched down, with his iron heel, the branches of the juniper and heather bushes that impeded his way. "All girls are apt to fancy they are dying when they are crossed in love.—Besides, the cold blooded old fool will think better of it. Sacrifice such a girl as that to a whim—a prejudice? Why, even I could scarcely hold out against that noble countenance and that persuasive voice!"

"Send the Duc d'Otrante hither," said his Majesty, when he entered his *cabinet de travail*, at the close of a state dinner, a few hours after his return to the palace. "So,—you are here sir! Come to offer your apologies, I trust, for the blundering officiousness of your people in causing the arrest of Jules de la Roche Allier, on such insufficient testimony? Another time I advise you to select fellows possessing eyes, ears and some small portion of understanding!"

"Your Majesty having, I find, already despatched a courier to Verdun with orders for the Court's release, I may rather tender my apologies to *himself* on his arrival at Fontainebleau, to accompany his father in law to England in pursuance of the engagements, Sire, into which your Majesty has deigned to enter, this afternoon, with the family at the Pavilion de Valvin."

"*Comment donc, coquin?*" cried the Emperor, relaxing into a hearty laugh. "Are you already so well informed? The lubberly fellow then, over whom I stumbled in the antechamber of the Pavilion, was——"

"Precisely one of those fellows without eyes or ears, whom your Majesty has commissioned me to discharge."

"*A la bonne heure, mon cher Duc!* Since the fellow was an eavesdropper, I am glad he was a rascal of our own. Let him be as discreet as he has shown himself expert, and he may claim promotion. Understand, however, that this Valvin transaction is not to transpire. I do not wish to have it said in the Faubourg St. Germain that I have been courting conciliation with the English Cabinet, by an act of magnanimity towards the daughter of one of its members. But what *fete* is there to-morrow—what *ville* to-night?"

"None sire; neither *fete* nor *ville*."

"Do you mean to tell me that I do not hear the bells of the *Sainte Trinité?* What should they be ringing at this hour of the evening?"

"The passing bell, sire, of the English General's daughter. The Cure of the *Sainte Trinité* was her director, and Corvisart has just returned with him from Valvin, with intelligence of the young lady's dissolution."

"Already!" ejaculated Napoleon, throwing himself into a chair. "Poor girl! Poor, unhappy mother!"

"On the other hand, I have the satisfaction to acquaint your Majesty that Dr. Paulet announces the Cardinal Caprara to be out of danger."

"*Au diable le Cardinal!*" ejaculated Napoleon, with one of his fiercest looks. "I would have given twenty Cardinals for power to save the life of the daughter of the English *detenu!*"

THE GATHERING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KOERNER.—BY L. E. L.

The people are risen—the storm is unbound—
Whoso with folded arms shall be found,
Shame on the loiterer whoever he be,
At the hearth, in the hall, by the plough, or the lea—
Dishonour on thy useless hand!
A German maid shall kiss thee not!
A German song rejoice thee not,
And German wine shall warm thee not!
He who has strength to wield a brand,
Let him draw it now for his father-land!

While we are laid on the battle plain,
Drenched to the skin by the midnight rain,
Pleasant dreams may thy slumbers crown,
As thou sinkest to rest amid silk and down!
But shame beside thy pillow stand!
A German maid shall kiss thee not!
A German song rejoice thee not!
And German wine shall warm thee not!
He who has strength to wield a brand,
Let him draw it now for his father land!

When our trumpets like thunder in heaven resound,
Thou mayst be lulled to the lute's languid sound;
When we ask the hot noon for water in vain,
Thou mayst be pouring the sparkling champagne;
But shame thy sunny cup shall brand!
A German maid shall kiss thee not,
A German song rejoice thee not,
And German wine shall warm thee not!
He who has strength to wield a brand,
Let him draw it now for his father-land!

While we, when the shouts of the battle swell,
Think on our loved one's last farewell,
Thou, with thy worthless gold, mayst try
To win what gold may never buy,
Shame on the sordid love thou hast planned!
A German maid shall kiss thee not,
A German song rejoice thee not,
And German wine shall warm thee not!
He who has strength to wield a brand,
Let him draw it now for his father-land!

When the lances are shivering, and the balls are flying,
And the dead are strewn beside the dying;
When the sight is true and the blow is bold,
Thou mayst be watching the turn of a card,
But shame such coward game has planned!
A German maid shall kiss thee not,
A German song rejoice thee not,
And German wine shall warm thee not!
He who has strength to wield a brand,
Let him draw it now for his father-land!

Breathe we in battle our latest breath,
Welcome the soldier's comrade—Death!
But thou, 'neath the silken coverlid creeping,
Shalt tremble lest Death approach thee sleeping.
Thou shalt die a pale, dishonored slave!
No German maid shall weep thy grave,
No German song shall sing thy fame,
No German cup shall pledge thy name!
He who has strength to wield a brand,
Let him draw it now for his father-land!

From the Pennsylvanian.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A case came before one of our courts a day or two since, which excited some interest. A young girl, to appearance almost white, was brought before Judge Randall, to answer a claim made by a citizen of Baltimore. As the court was occupied with other business, this case was postponed until the 29th inst., in order that a full hearing and a clear investigation may be given to it. As the suit is still pending, it will only be proper to state generally the grounds of the claim, and of the defence.

The claimant alleges that he formerly owned a mulatto woman, who about the year 1816 gave birth to a female child; that the father of the child was a white man. The mother and daughter remained in his family until the year 1824, at which time he manumitted the former, but still kept the child, who had grown up with his own children, and had become a great pet in his family. In the year 1825, about a year and a half after the liberation of the woman, the child ran away from him, or as he suspected was stolen by its mother, who disappeared from Baltimore about the same time. A newspaper was produced, containing an advertisement, offering a reward for the recovery of the child. It was dated August, 1825, and said the child was about nine years old. He however received no tidings of either mother or daughter, until a short time since, when a black woman came to him and informed him, that the child he lost some years ago was living in Philadelphia. He determined to claim the girl if she should prove to be the one he had lost, and came to this city, bringing with him a man who had lived in his house at the time the child was stolen, and also the black woman who gave him the information. The claimant said that he recognized the person then before the court; that she was the same individual who left his service in 1825, and swore to her identity. The man who lived with him at the time, but who is now a constable in Baltimore, said that he recollected the features of the girl perfectly, and swore that she was the same who left the house of the claimant in 1825.—The black woman knew the circumstances of the birth of the child, and frequently saw both mother and child at the house of the claimant in Baltimore. She knew of the loss of the child in '25, and declared that the girl then before the court was the same individual.

This seems all very clear and straightforward—but the case has two sides—another story is yet to be told; it is simple and affecting. A colored man named Gilmore, appeared with the girl—he has for many years been generally known and respected by all the colored population of this city. His life has been one of honesty, industry and economy—liberally befriending the poor of his own race, and aiding in their moral and religious education. He is the adopted father of the girl, upon whom this claim has been made, and appeared to protect her. The account he gave is substantially as follows: About the year 1820, a white woman came to his house, she had with her a little girl about two or three years old. She entered into conversation with his wife, and after remaining a long time, she asked her if she wanted a little girl to take care of. Having no children of their own, Gilmore and his wife agreed to take the child, and bring it up; he however hesitated about it at first, thinking the child was white; but the woman who [illegible] told him that it was a very light mulatto, and not entirely white. She came to his house but once again, about two months after leaving the child, since when he has neither seen or heard of her. The woman had much conversation with his wife, which he did not hear, and which his wife never repeated to him; and his wife knew the history of the child from the woman, and knew who were its parents, she kept it quietly to herself, and never told her husband, who has always been in ignorance upon the subject. Mrs. Gilmore is now dead; Gilmore, however, soon became fond of the child, and determined to adopt it as his own, and at his death to leave to it the earnings of his life. He has, accordingly, carefully brought it up, and has given it the best education and religious instruction he could obtain. He has been a kind father, and she has been an affectionate and dutiful daughter.

Such is his story of her history since 1820, when he first saw her. He denies that his daughter can be the same child lost by the claimant in 1825; since claimant states that the lost child remained in his family until it was nine years old, whereas Gilmore swears that his child has been constantly with him since 1820, when it was about two or three years old. To support his defence of the claim, he has numerous respectable witnesses, who swear that when they first saw the child at his house, it was but about three years old; and they all recollected to have seen it there long previous to 1825. He also says that the black woman who informed claimant about the child, was actuated by a malicious spite; that she was a relation of his wife, and when his wife died, the woman claimed some of her clothes, which were refused by Gilmore; this led to a quarrel between them, and a determination on the part of the woman to annoy him. He therefore declares that the woman ought not to be believed; for she well knows that she has deceived claimant as to the identity of the two children.

The case is one that turns entirely upon the credibility of witnesses, of which the court must decide. The court has also to judge how far a person may be able to identify the features of another, after a lapse of ten years; particularly at a time of life when the whole appearance of a person alters, viz. from nine years of age to nineteen; for such would be the age of the girl according to the statement of the claimant. The case has become very generally known and talked about the city, and has excited the sympathies of many persons. The modest appearance of the girl created universal interest, and the fairness of her complexion, induced many to doubt whether she was not entirely white. Many persons who saw her in court declared that they would never have taken her for a mulatto. She has long glossy black hair, and her eyes are remarkably dark and brilliant. To avoid causing any excitement upon the subject, and that the case may be fairly argued, we have endeavored to state both sides justly and impartially.—When we add that David Paul Brown will conduct the defence of the girl, all will feel assured that the case is in good hands.

FEMALE PIETY.

The gem of all others which enriches the coronet of a lady's character, is unaffected piety. Nature may lavish much on her person—the enchantment of the countenance—the gracefulness of her mien, or the strength of her intellect, her loveliness is uncrowned, till piety throws around the whole, the sweetness and power of her charms. She then becomes unearthly in her temper—unearthly in her desires and associations. The spell which bound her affections to things below, is broken, and she mounts on the silent wings of her fancy and hope to the habitation of God, where it is her delight to hold communion with the spirits that have been ransomed from the thraldom of earth and wreathed with a garland of glory.

Her beauty may throw its magical charms over many—princes and conquerors may bow with admiration at the shrine of her riches—the sons of science and poetry may embalm her memory in history and song—yet piety must be her ornament—her pearl.—Her name must be written in the "Book of Life," that when mountains fade away, and every momento of early greatness is lost in the general wreck of nature, it may remain and swell the list of that mighty throng, which have been clothed with the mantle of righteousness, and their voices attuned to the melody of heaven.

With such a treasure, every lofty gratification on earth may be purchased—friendships will be doubly sweet—pain and sorrow shall lose their sting—and the character will possess a price far "above rubies"—life will be but a pleasant visit to earth, and death the entrance upon a joyful and perpetual home. And when the notes of the last trump shall be heard and sleeping millions awaked to judgment, its possessor shall be presented "faultless before the throne of God with exceeding joy, and a crown of life that shall never wear away."

Such is piety. Like a tender flower, planted in the fertile soil of woman's heart, it grows expanding its foliage and imparting its fragrance to all around, till transplanted it is set to bloom in perpetual vigor and unfading beauty in the paradise of God.

Follow this star, dear lady, it will light you through every labyrinth in the wilderness of life,—gild the gloom that will gather around you in a dying hour, and bring you safely over the tempestuous Jordan of death, into the haven of promised and settled rest.

Saturday Evening Post.

SATURDAY, JULY 4.

[illegible]

[illegible] Ed. Post.

[illegible] "Ladies' Magazine." [illegible] "Gentleman." "A. B." and "Z." [illegible]

The western papers speak of a destructive insect called the *Army Worm*, which has committed great ravages in the grain fields of that section of the country. A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, dating from Anderson township, mentions that the *Army Worm* has made its appearance in that neighborhood to an alarming degree. He mentions a number of eight acres, belonging to himself, that has literally been devoured by them, and they were on the march in great numbers of other adjacent fields. Great fears were entertained among the farmers, as to the probable extent of the ravages of this worm. When first discovered, it is said to be about an inch in length, rather slender, of a dark brown (varying to black) with white stripes on the side, the head of an amber color, and as hard as flint. In five or six days time they acquire some the full size, and are then upwards of four inches in length. At this period, it is said, one of these worms will eat a large blade of grass in a couple of minutes. Whenever they appear, it is in great force, and hence are called Army Worms.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Arthur's Gazette.—The *July* number of the Gazette, just published, is embellished with a beautiful engraving of the Village School in an Uproar, from a splendid painting by Rather, one of the handsomest good pieces that has ever appeared in the work. Also, with an engraving of the Medical College, of Ohio, and a view of the Ohio River, near Wheeling. The reading contents are diversified, and comprise tales, essays, sketches, extracts from new works, poetry, &c.

The August number of this work, will be embellished with a new plate of the latest fashions, handsomely coloured.

"The Vision of War," a poem, by H. B. Gibson, has just been published by Stavers, Kay and Brother. Most of our city readers, we presume, have heard of Mr. Gibson; and if his fame has not extended beyond the precincts of Philadelphia, it is not because Mr. G. has been sparing of his rhymes. The Vision of War, is dedicated to the Hon. Daniel Webster—a very praiseworthy man, by the way—who is the author's confidence for the Presidency, and to whom a copy of the work is presented "as soon as an opportunity may occur."

The subject of the poem is very appropriate to the times, and the book ought to sell. Permission to read the dedication alone, is worth more than the price of the book, and we are sure we can use the rest for even the poem, without being satisfied that the author is a poet of no small pretension.

Cooper's new work, the Monikins, will shortly be published by Carey, Lea, and Blanchard.

Fall of the Roman Empire.—Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard, have just published, in a large octavo, Gibbonsdb's history of the Fall of the Roman Empire, a work of high authority on the subject of this most important of all political convulsions. It embraces period of time from the beginning of the fourth to the end of the sixth century, with reference to the condition of Rome during the first, second and third centuries. All the leading events of the Empire during that time, are faithfully recorded, in a style at once clear, concise and deeply interesting.

We have not leisure this week for a particular notice, but are satisfied that the work needs no eulogium. We shall recur to the subject again.

INDIAN SKETCHES.

Messrs. Carey, Lea & Co. are about to publish a work entitled "Sketches of Indian Life, and Sketches, taken during an expedition to the Pawnee tribes, by John T. Irving, jr." The author is a nephew of Washington Irving, Esq. and if the subjoined extract affords any of some of the quality of the whole, the work will be a very amusing one.

THE LEGEND OF THE SALINE RIVER.

Many years since, long before the whites had established their march beyond the banks of the Mississippi, a tribe of Indians resided upon the Platte, and its junction with the Saline. Among these was one, the chief warrior of the nation, celebrated throughout all the neighboring country, for his fierce and unrelenting disposition. But a beautiful village, and several hundred miles, but waited for those who had fallen beneath his own; not a breach, but had run with the blood of his victims. He was forever bent on planning destruction to his enemies. He had numbers from one village to another, carrying death to the unfortunate, and desolation to their homes. He was a terror to old and young.

Chief, above and unrivalled, would he steal off, to some his bands in hand, and add new victims to the [illegible] he had already shown. [illegible] as he was to the hostile tribes, he was equally dreaded by his own people. They gloried in his chief, but shrunk from all fellowship with him. His lodge was deserted, and even in the [illegible] of his own people he was alone. Yet there were some among that throng to him, and bound him, in spite of the sternness of his rugged nature. It was the daughter of the chief of the village; a beautiful girl and grateful to one of the throng of her own [illegible]

[illegible] she had many admirers, yet when the warrior declared his intention of asking of her father, she did come in competition with so formidable a [illegible] that because his wife, and he loved her with all the fierce energy of his nature. It was a new feeling [illegible] the chief warrior, and it was the dark passion of his heart. His lodge quaked forth, to some [illegible] the only being that had ever [illegible] her. Very over him was unbounded. He [illegible] upon himself that she did not hate him. She [illegible] but it he entered no word, he plead no [illegible]. He appealed to his family lodge, and forbade all [illegible]. He could of good was heard from it—all [illegible] on the mouth. The morning came, and with it [illegible] down his hall the lodge. His body was [illegible] with rage, and he was fierce as ever [illegible] the chief had ever shot from his [illegible] bow. There was no wavering of a single [illegible] there was not the shrinking of a single [illegible] the touch no mortal of those around them but [illegible] to the open wigwam his uncle was hurt. He [illegible] a moment over the prostrate chief [illegible] the dreaded form upon the green, and cast it upon the [illegible]. Then turning on his heel, strode [illegible] the [illegible].

[illegible] of a month he returned to his village [illegible] the [illegible] of men, women, and children, [illegible] hung in the mouths of his lodge. He carried [illegible] the rifles, and again set off, hastily as [illegible]. A month elapsed, and he returned bringing with [illegible] a lovely Indian girl. He led her through the [illegible] the chief, and many a heart swelled [illegible] the [illegible] of the lodge. The [illegible] and the chief herself on the ground [illegible] and [illegible] was prostrated by [illegible] the father [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Morning Post, by Robt. T. Dick, Secretary of the Exchange, Commercial Museum, and Price Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 3, 1835.

[illegible]	[illegible]	Sugar-house	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	do. New York	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	do. Pulled	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	do. Brown	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Molasses	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Porto Rico	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	English French Isl.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Rice, E. Rangoon, cl	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	TALLOW	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	No. 1	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Soap	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Candles	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	OIL	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Linseed, Am. Imp.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	do. Dutch	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Whale, gal.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Sperm, winter	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	PAINTS	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Lead, Am.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Glover, dry	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Pigment, ground	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	do. China clay	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Timothy, bush	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Herds, bush	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Flaxseed, bush	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	WOOL	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Prime, Saxony fleece	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Am. merino, fleece	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	do. do.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	do. do.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	do. do.

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

A Mathematical Question, proposed for a Solution.

Query.—What will be the horizontal distance, the perpendicular descent, and the length of the curve described by the top and bottom parts of a carriage wheel, four feet high, by moving forward, from a perpendicular station, or situation, on a horizontal plane, so as, the wheel to turn one quarter round [illegible] and also for the wheel to turn one half round.

[illegible]

The following song, called "The Stage Coach," describing the upset of the Grey and Melbourne administration, was written by a Mr. Gardner, and sung at a dinner given at Taunton, England, on the occasion of the Robert Peel's return to power. Its humour is better than its prophecy about Sir Robert's power of driving the vehicle.

A coach, fine, brand new coach you've all heard of I know,
That was started in London but two years ago;
They call'd it "Reform," and one old *Mr. Grey*
Was the coachman appointed to drive all the way.

The concern was intended to make an excursion
Through England and Ireland for *private diversion;*
And not, as we said, for the good of the nation—
For between you and me 'twas a *Whig speculation.*

Old Brougham was the guard, but instead of a horn,
He blew his own trumpet from night until morn;
And all their new horses in boisterous weather
Was never expected to hold long together.

They had purchased a young inexperienced team,
That galloped away as if carried by steam;
They gibed, and they shied, and they reared in the air,
Till the passengers all were in frightful despair.

At last, turning round by an *old Irish church,*
Old Grey bundled *off,* and was left in the lurch;
And a *North Country horse* and a young *Derby* colt
Broke away from the team, and thought proper to bolt.

The leaders careering, like fury and fire,
There were nought but old wheelers to pull through the mire,
When a fellow as meek as a *Lamb* took the reins—
But folks said he'd no courage, or else he'd no brains.

The public all grumbled, and loudly cried "shame,"
The proprietor saw that his men were to blame;
And he said, in dismissing his servants, "I feel
That you're only in want of The Power of Appeal."

And the people's appeal was ne'er uttered in vain,
For Englishmen all claim the right to complain;
And there ne'er was a time when complaint or disgust,
In our different stages, was ever so just.

So he's found us a man who has ta'en the control,
And he's sought nothing new but a very strong pull;
He'll call the old coach "The True Briton," and then
He'll bring home the passengers safely again!

THE DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

Two visits less lucky than mine
No unfortunate ever could pay,
The first man I called on, they said,
Was gone out for the whole of the day.
And the other, it's certainly true,
That misfortunes in pairs ever come,—
Oh, I ne'er you found him gone out too?
No, I did not; I found him at home.

A Neat Compliment.—One of the neatest compliments on record is that paid by Lord Camden to Fox, that "his price was immortality, and he knew that posterity would pay it."

Useful Servant.—Mr. Coke of Norfolk, had a female servant (the daughter of one of his keepers) who broke dogs, walked the fences and fields, shot occasionally, and assisted her father in all his duties. This intrepid woman once took a poacher, a sailor, on the marshes, at least two miles from the house, and brought him to her sole custody. Amongst other duties she kept the key of the church, and one day two gentlemen, guests of the house, went to enjoy the view from the top of the steeple. Mary accompanied them; in their frolic they attempted to kiss her, she ran down, locked the door and departed. When the dinner hour arrived the gentlemen were not to be found, inquiry was made, and the whole affair was developed, to the no small chagrin of the gallants, and the high entertainment of the rest of the party.

Anecdote of Walter Scott.—He was going on with great glee (says Irving) to relate an anecdote of the laird Macnab, "who, poor fellow!" said he, "is dead and gone"—

"Why, Mr. Scott," exclaimed his wife, "Macnab's not dead, is he?"

"Faith, my dear," replied Scott, with humorous gravity, "if he's not dead they've done him great injustice, for they've buried him!"

Anecdote of a Miser.—With frequent opportunities of watching one of the most fixed of the species—a man who was worth his millions—I gathered many anecdotes of his various ways of getting and saving money. I will tell one.

A physician, of no inconsiderable reputation and practice, married one of the old miser's daughters. The old fellow went to him one day, and with his peculiar significance of expression, after sundry hemming and chewing, told him that in the settlement of an account with a gentleman whose family physician the doctor then was, he (the [illegible]) had been compelled to take ten dollars less than [illegible] thought he ought to have had. "Now, my good sir, can't you charge him twenty or thirty dollars extra in your bill, and pay it over to me—so that I may get my ten dollars, the interest of eleven years and be paid *a little over* for the trouble of waiting?"

What reply the doctor made to his "good" old father-in-law, at the putting forth of his proposition, I don't know—but he probably did not give his patron the thirty-dollar dose—as he told the anecdote himself, and accompanied it with the wish that his medical knowledge would acquaint him with some drug that could make the old miser a decent being. If he could have made so great a discovery, he would have found patients enough who stood in suffering need. There isn't an unionary in the world large enough to hold a fraction of the race.

The following is about as good a hit at drunkards as we have seen for a long while:

Excuses for getting drunk.—The following are among the excuses which are made by the individuals when brought before the magistrates at the different police-offices in the metropolis, charged with being drunk in the streets. Many of the excuses are made indiscriminately both by males and females:—Met a friend—met my mother—met my sister—have been wounded in the head—had a child die—in very great distress—out of work—broke my leg in his Majesty's service—very old—an old sailor—an old soldier—been out of place a long time—just recovered from a fit of illness—been looking for work—had a little business to transact with a friend—just come out of prison, and very little liquor takes effect upon me—had my brother transported—my mother died—burnt out—very hungry—had a quarrel with my wife—don't know anything about it—just apprenticed a child—buried my wife—married the day before—been to the christening—been to a funeral—in short, it would appear from the statements made that there is not a single occurrence in life but is considered an excuse for getting drunk.

German Character and Manners.—Upon the whole the Germans have a national inclination for law and justice, are little disposed to covet the goods of others, and are prompt to keeping private compacts. They appear to be of resolute courage, but are rather to be called daring, and fling themselves sometimes about with the recklessness of brutes into open dangers, and sometimes again avoid such from fear. They eat much and drink more; on account of which, the German, when he is moderate, is immediately pronounced to be sick. The men are cold in love affairs, but in quarrels; the women discreet and modest. Gentleness is frequently considered in the light of activity in business, rather than as any thing disgraceful. Their dress on which neither men nor women spend much, is of humble guise and ill-fitted, but decent. Every appearance of slavery, every slightest attempt to disparage or prejudice their liberties, is insupportable to them. Out of doors, no single citizen is accustomed to ride in the towns: this is left to the nobles, or to the old and sick, or such as are in public employments. For a little matter they fall into anger, draw swords, and shed blood; but even so soon do they become quiet upon a peaceful occasion, and drown their wrath in cups of wine. In converse they speak their mind without reflection, but always, it is true, with great courtesy, but without useless words. Towards strangers they are often rough, and in some other respects exhibit themselves as barbarians and inhabitants of a cold country; from which it follows that they are the less adapted for intellectual pursuits and development of the understanding, for which reason, also, they to particularly addict themselves to works of manual skill, &c. The Elector Augustus of Saxony knows nothing, and choose to know nothing of war; he goes every day, yes, it is said, even on nights by moonlight, to the plain, and is also beyond measure addicted to women.

The English must be at a loss for spending their time, when we see such importance attached to grotesque performances like the following:

Extraordinary Feat.—On Monday, Townsend, the [illegible] performer, undertook, for a wager of five pounds, to pick up with his mouth, and his hands tied behind his back, [illegible] with, [illegible] [illegible]

JULY.

Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away,
Upon a lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey;
(It was the beast that whilom did forray
The Nemaean forest, till the Amphitrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array;)
Behind his backe a sithe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.
Spenser.

Mr. Leigh Hunt in his *Months,* after remarking that—"July is so called after Julius Caesar, who contrived to divide his names between months and dynasties, and among his better deeds of ambition reformed the calendar," proceeds to notice, that—"The heat is greatest in this month on account of its previous duration. The reason why it is less so in August is, that the days are then much shorter, and the influence of the sun has been gradually diminishing. The farmer is still occupied in getting the productions of the earth into his garners; but those who can avoid labour enjoy as much rest and shade as possible. There is a sense of heat and quiet all over nature. The birds are silent. The little brooks are dried up. The earth is chapped with parching. The shadows of the trees are particularly grateful, heavy, and still. The oaks, which are freshest because latest in leaf, form noble clumpy canopies, looking, as you lie under them, of a strong and emulous green against the blue sky. The traveller delights to cut across the country through the fields and the leafy lanes, where nevertheless the flints sparkle with heat. The cattle get into the shade, or stand in the water. The active and air cutting swallows, now beginning to assemble for migration, seek their prey about the shady places, where the insects, though of differently compounded natures, "fleshless and bloodless," seem to get for coolness, as they do at other times for warmth. The sound of insects is also the only audible thing, now increasing rather than lessening the sense of quiet by its gentle contrast. The bee now and then sweeps across the ear with his gravest tone. The gnats
Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide;
Spenser.

and here and there the little musician of the grass touches forth his trickey note.

The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the grasshopper's.
Keats.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine for June.

THE VICTIM OF A PROOF-READER.

"Foul murder hath been done—lo! here's the *proof!*"
Old Play.

"Oh, for the good old times of Typography, when operatives in the art could render the ancients,—when Caxton translated 'Ye Seyge of Troye' from the language of Greece! Would that, in this latter age, when Champollion has deciphered the hieroglyphics of Egypt,—when the spirit of inquiry is every where abroad,—some one might be found, who could continue to shelter from typical aggression a writer for the press!

"I am the victim of a proof-reader. The blunders of others, and not my own, have placed me in a state of feeling akin to purgatory. Ever since I began to shave for a beard, I have been more or less afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi,*—and I flatter myself that I have not always been unsuccessful in my writings. But my *printed* efforts have neither been honourable to my genius, nor grateful to my vanity,—on the contrary, they have been quite the reverse. I have had the sweetest poems turned into three-sodden stupidity; sentences in prose, on which I doated in manuscript, have been perused in a deep perspiration, and with positive loathing, in print. All this has arisen from a conspiracy which seems to have been framed against me, by all the typographical gentlemen of the country. It is true, I write what Mrs. Malaprop might call an 'neligible hand;' for, to the pitiful minutiae of crossing t's, and dotting i's, I never could descend. I have often given directions to publishers, that if a word was otherwise 'not finding out,' they should count the marks,—but the plan failed, as have indeed all my plans for *correct debuts* of thought before the public. If this narrative shall prove to be correctly printed, it will be the first article from my pen that has ever met with such an honour, and I shall be proportionably pleased.

"Like all other mortals, I am penetrable to the arrows of Cupid. My heart is not encased with the epidermis of a rhinoceros, or the bull hides of Ajax; consequently I am what they call in romances, a susceptible person. When I was nineteen I fell in love, and as I found prose too tame a medium, too weak a drapery for my thoughts, what could I do, but express to my fair one my passion in song? She was a beautiful creature,—a delicious arrangement of 'flesh and blood,'—a country parson's daughter, with excellent tastes and accomplishments. She was fond of poetry, and so was I. This circumstance sent my fancy a wool-gathering, for tropes, figures, and emblems. Young ladies have a passionate admiration for genius, and I determined to prove that I was not deficient in that particular; that I belonged of right to those who merited the saying, '*poeta nascitur non fit.*' During the spring of 18—, I was attacked with a perfect incontinence of rhyme. My lady-love was always my theme. But of all my effusions, none satisfied me save the following, which I produced with great *limae labour,* and studious care. I think pretty well enough of it now. Mr. Neal would call it *tootle,* and so do I.

"*To Emily B——.*"

"Dear Girl! an angel sure thou art,—
The muse of every spell
Which brings one transport to my heart,
And bids my bosom swell.

"And oh, carnation on thy cheek
Its richest lustre sends;
And thy blue eyes forever speak
A welcome to thy friends.

"Alas! if fate should bid us part,
Life would be sought with me;
A load would rest upon my heart,
Without a smile from thee.

"Where shall I meet a leaf so fair
In Nature's open page?
With thee the beauteous flower compare,
And e'en my grief assuage?

"Forgive, my love, this hasty lay,
And let its numbers be
Sweet monitors, that day by day,
Shall bid thee think of me!"

"This production I sent to the village newspaper. I waited a *long* week to see it appear. Finally, the important Wednesday arrived. I hastened to the office,—but the affair was not published. I glanced with a hurried eye over the damp sheet, and found a notice at last, commencing with three stars, turned up and down. It read thus.

"'The tribute to Emily, by 'J. S.' is unavoidably postponed until our next, by a press of advertisements, but which we are thankful—since we do that kind of business, as likewise all sorts of job work, on the most reasonable terms,—blanks, cards, handbills, and other legal documents, being executed by us at the shortest notice. Not to digress, however, we would say to 'J. S.' let him cultivate his talent; he has tremendous powers, but he writes a bad hand. He should make his penmanship like his poetry,—*perfect.*'"

"I had the curiosity to look into the advertising columns to see what entrance things of traffic had supplanted my lines. There were but three advertisements,—a sheriff's sale, a stray cow, and a wife eloped from bed and board. I read the sheriff's notice with that deep interest which these documents usually excite. It discoursed of lands, messuages, and tenements, designated 'by a line, beginning at the northwest corner of Mr. Jenkin 'cow-house,'—running thence north seventy-five chains, fourteen links, thence east twenty-nine chains eleven links, to a stake and stones,'—and so on, to the end of the chapter.

"Yet the notice filled me with exceeding great delight. I sent it to Emily: I told her that 'J. S.' was myself, but begged her not to mention it to a third person. She kept her secret as women usually do. In three days it was all over town, that I had a piece, 'that I had made out of my head,' coming forth in the next week's newspaper, addressed to Emily Brakerhoff.

"Never did seven days roll more slowly round than the week's interval which followed the happy notice, in the publication of the 'Elucidator of Freedom, and Tocsin of the People.' When it did finally come out, I sent Emily an affectionate note, with a copy of the paper, assuring her that the poem contained my real sentiments. I determined not to read it myself until I visited her in the evening. By great self-denial I kept my resolve, and when the young moon arose, bent my steps towards the mansion of my mistress.

"She received me coldly. I was surprised and abashed. 'What is the matter, Em.' I tenderly inquired; 'did you get my billet-doux and the verses to-day?'

"'Yes—they came safe.'

"'Well,—how did you like them?'

"'The note was kind and good,—but the verses were foolish, ridiculous nonsense.'

"I was thunderstruck. I asked to see the paper. Emily arose and handed it to me; and sitting down by the vine-clad window, paced her little foot angrily on the floor.

"I opened the Elucidator and Tocsin, and read my poem. Solomon of Jerusalem!—what infamous butchery—what slaughter!—But I will give the offence as it was printed, 'and shame the *Devil.*'

"*To Emily B——.*

"Dear Girl! an angel sure thou art,—
The mule of every spell!
That tumbles transport to my heart,
And bids my bosom swell.

"And oh, damnation o'er thy cheek
Its richest lustre lends;
And thy blue eyes forever speak
A welcome to thy friends.

"Alas! if fate should bind us fast,
Life would be rough with me;
A load would rest upon my heart,
Without a smile from thee.

"Where could I meet a lump so fair
In Nature's open passage?
With thee the barberous flower compare
And own my grief a sausage?

"Forgive my bore, this nasty lay,
And let its numbers be
Sweet moditors, that daily dry,
Shall bid thee think of me!" J. S.

"When I had read this diabolical mass of stuff over, I flew into an uncontrollable rage. In the blindness of my chagrin, I depreciated the judgement of Miss Emily; I thought every body could see the errors, and detect them as readily as I did; and I said to my young friend that she must have been very stupid or inattentive, not to see how the poem *ought* to read. This roused in her bosom, 'all the blood of all the Brinkerhoffs.' She handed me my hat, and pointed significantly to the door. I went out at the aperture thus indicated, and have never darkened it since. Emily is now the wife of a Connecticut schoolmaster, who blows the pitchpipe and leads the choir on Sunday, in her father's church.

"This was my first passion, and my last, except that into which I have been roused every time I have sent a piece to be published. Yet I still love to console my dreary bachelorship, by writing, and seeing my thoughts in print,—but I despair of ever seeing them rightly uttered. Fate, in that regard, is against me, and probably always will be. "JOHN SMITH."

After a tragedy, the curtain falls to slow and mournful music. Should the leader of an orchestra on such an occasion strike up Yankee Doodle or Paddy Carey, the contrast would be absurd. I feel in a measure such a predicament now. I have introduced a tragical or at least a melodramatical narration,—and I should be unfeeling indeed to follow it up with other matters, which probably would be of a cheerful nature. I leave the story of my visitor's sorrow and reverses, as a provocative to solemn reflection in the reader, upon the abuses in printing, and the mutability of types. Ollapod.

From the Charleston Courier.

HINTS TO YOUNG LAWYERS.

In the first place, you must always take it for *granted* that *your* cause is a good one, and that the opposite party is determined to cheat you out of it—let this conviction be cherished through thick and thin, and it will animate you to hold on and hold out.

In the next place, you must never admit a fact or principle, unless you want it for your own use; for if you should, you might cut off a limb you may wish to stand upon, or you may cut off your own retreat—at least it is a kind of confession that you have to facts or principle of your own.

Whenever you are about to draw a conclusion, if the facts will not justify it, why then *draw* so much the harder—conclusions were made to be *drawn,* and it is not very safe for a young speaker to trust them to *follow;* for it he should, they might not come within a gun shot of him or his premises.

Acquire the habit of making *round* assertions; for they are much better than *flat* ones. Many a coward has avoided a duel and passed for a man of courage, by a dashing and blustering.

Repeat your arguments *twice or three times over at least;* for, if they are good arguments, then are they worthy of repetition—but if they are good for nothing, they require to be *hammered* in by hard and repeated blows, especially, if they have *no point.*

In your arguments, be honest, give good *measure;* be assured more depends upon the *length* than the *depth* of them; for all persons can judge of *length,* but depth is concealed by darkness. The traveller does not care how long a road is, if it be *smooth,* and the goodness of the surface is all he regards.

Never take any notice of your adversary's arguments, for, if they are weak and worthless, let them alone, and they will never trouble you—but, if they are strong, take care how you meddle with them, lest they turn upon you and defeat you, in your face and eyes.—The old adage is not to be forgotten, "never raise a Devil, unless you can *lay* him again."

If you can work the facts of the case into your argument, so as to make any thing of them, so much the better; but if you cannot, then *make some facts of your own* out of the whole cloth, and argue from them, though this may seem like putting new wine into old bottles, still it is better than *empty bottles and no wine.*

When you come to the *solemn* and *pathetic* part of your argument, be sure and give fair and reasonable notice of it, that eyes, muscles and handkerchiefs, may be prepared to meet the consequences.

The exordium should consist of a *dissertation upon things in general*—this will puzzle a Philadelphia Lawyer, and your opponent can never answer it. But when you come to your peroration, which is an important affair, give it ample form, and, if you cannot compress what you have been urging before, then go all over the ground again, which is a kind of professional rhetorical cross ploughing, good in rough ground.

If the Counsel on both sides will observe these rules, no mortal can divine which party will gain the victory—and the victory once won, *be assured* the Court of Appeals *will never reverse it.*

COKE UPON LITTLETON.

The following ludicrous *expose* took place recently at one of the police offices, London:

Union Hall.—*An Ex-Official Insulted.*—Henry Miller was charged with committing an assault on Joseph Osman, commonly known by the cognomen of "Jack Ketch's Assistant," and who presented a petition a short time back to the court of Aldermen to reinstate him in his office of assistant executioner. Osman stated, that on the afternoon above he took his wife and little 'uns for a walk along the rail-road; and as they was a-going along, his wife says, "Joe, let us stop at the Dun Cow, and have a drain afore we go on to Deptford." Says I to my wife, "I don't care if we does," and in we goes; and while we was making ourselves comfortable over a pot o' beer and some saveloys, in walks Miller, that's the man wot struck me, and gav'd me these here two black lines. Well, your Worship, Mr. Miller had no sooner come into the room, than he begins to throw out his hugly hints about my calling, and not satisfied with that there, he attacks my wife. I said that I wanted to have no rumpus with him about such concerns—and to show that I had no hammosity against the man, I axed him for to drink out of the werry pot as I and my wife was a-drinking. He says in answer to that there, "I'll go out of the room and ax myself a few questions afore I drinks with the like on you." "Very well, (says I) do so;" and when he comes in again, arter axing himself the few questions, he says—"No, I'm blowed if it shall be said that Harry Miller was ever the man that took a draught out of the same pot with a hangman." Well, your Worship, that there word was enough to vex any man having the feelings of a man about him, and I told him so; and instead of saying as how he felt sorry for what he had said, he turns up his sleeves, and pitches into me right and left, and never left off until he made my face in the pickle your Worship now sees it—(the complainant's face was very much battered.) "I do believe, added Osman, had not the police come to my assistance, I should not be here all alive to tell my story; and what makes the thing worse, I have been prevented from executing a job that I had to do in the country."

Original Anecdote.—"Madam, shall I see you home?" said an honest, good-natured sort of a fellow to a strapping damsel of sixteen. "No, sir I can see myself home." Our hero, not hardly understanding the reply, repeated with some emphasis—"I say, Madam, shall I have the pleasure of seeing you home?" "No!" "Are you in earnest?" "Yes!" "Well, I ain't!"

CARPENTER'S
COMPOUND CERATE OF COPAIVA.
A valuable application for Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Ulcers, and Sores of various kinds.

IT has long been a desideratum to obtain a preparation of the above description, for the use of families—a compound application which may always be at hand, to be applied in cases of emergency, and which will effect a permanent cure. [illegible] G. W. Carpenter is pleased to announce [illegible] and with much pleasure all the qualities here described [illegible] as a mild, pleasant and soothing preparation, for all extra and irritable wounds, or sores.

It has been fully tested in private practice, and the result has been of the most satisfactory and beneficial character.

In burns, scalds, wounds, excoriations, sores of various kinds, no application has been found so superior; [illegible] and it is completely removing [illegible] and gentle in its effect, it is particularly applicable to burns, it allays the heat and irritation of the parts, in a short time, and quickly induces the healthy process.

Every family in the city and country should supply themselves with this preparation; it is superior to most of the ointments which are obtruded upon the public, and may be advantageously employed in all cases, where a mild and soothing application is required.

It is so sly put up in boxes, at 50 and 25 cents each. Prepared and sold only at G. W. CARPENTER'S Chemical Warehouse, No. 301 Market st. Philadelphia.

As there may be attempts at imitation, the proprietor will affix his signature as a guarantee of its genuineness.
jan. 31 1835—eoif

Summer Boarding,
In West Chester, Chester County, Pennsylvania.

THE subscriber having taken the large, commodious and airy house, formerly occupied by Wm. Everhart, Esq. in West Chester, will accommodate a number of persons with boarding. The situation is highly pleasant and the house convenient. Persons wishing to retire from the city during the summer months, will find few places more agreeable to their taste, or more easy of approach than West Chester. The Rail Road affords daily intercommunication with Philadelphia, and in an opposite direction with the Susquehanna at Columbia. JAMES WALTON.
june 6—7t*

Chester County Hotel.

THE subscriber has removed into his large and new Hotel, at the corner of Market and Church streets, West Chester. This building is 70 feet in front, and 95 feet deep, with upwards of 60 parlors and lodging rooms. Many of the parlors are handsome and convenient parlors attached to them, appropriated to the use of private families. The situation of the borough of West Chester is one of the most healthy in the state. The rail-road from Philadelphia every day at 7 o'clock in the morning, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon; it returns from West Chester to the city at the same hours, making two trips every day. Every arrangement will be made for travellers in their own vehicles. The stabling is large and convenient, and there are suitable carriages to be had at all times. Conveyances will be kept at all times to convey persons to the Yellow and Brandywine Springs, and other places of resort.
june 6—7t* WILLIAM EVERHART.

Wanted,

A HOUSEKEEPER, in the country. For further particulars, inquire at this office. june 13—4t*

To Farmers.

THE subscribers beg leave to call the attention of Farmers to their assortment of useful agricultural machines and implements—among which are the following: threshing machines, fanning mills, straw cutters of various kinds, corn shellers, cyder mills, cheese presses, cultivators, horse rakes, grain cradles, scythes, scythe snaths, hay and manure forks, grazing cane and knife, cupboard, cotton gins, and a variety of articles new and useful, all of which are for sale at the Agricultural Warehouse, 213 Market street, Philadelphia.
june 20—3t D. SLATER & CO.

Wanted.

MRS. PATTEN, is in want of a first rate CORSET MAKER. Apply at her fashionable CORSET STORE, 63 Arch street. june 20—1t

Six Cents Reward.

RAN away from the subscriber, on Sunday the 14th inst. an indented apprentice to the Carpenter business, named ELIJAH CONNER, aged about 17 years—taking with him 3 or 4 changes of clothing, and wore on going away white pantaloons and cark roundabout. All persons are forbid harbouring or trusting him at their peril. JOS. B. GREEN.
june 20—3t* Wood street, between 11th & 12th sts.

For Sale.

500 lbs. of Superior Flock Bristles; 200 lbs. of No. 1 and 2 very superior Shoemakers' Bristles.
Apply to M. BUSCH,
may 16—tf No. 80 North Third street.

Wanted.

WE the undersigned, contractors of the Lafayette and Franklin Banks of Cincinnati, are in want of a number of good Stone Cutters, Stone Setters and Labourers, to whom constant employment and liberal wages will be given.
J. & J. ROBERTS.
june 6—12t* Walnut and Eighth sts. Cincinnati.

For Sale.

THE lease of a first rate business stand for Blacksmithing, Stove making, boiler, Machine making, &c., with a good run of work, and all the tools necessary for carrying on the business, on moderate terms. Apply at No. 28 N. Sixth street. DAVID EVANS.

N. B. The present proprietor declines the business, on account of being about to remove to the western country.
june 20—3t

To Shippers, Country Merchants
And Others.

THE subscriber offers for sale wholesale and retail, at his Soap and Candle Manufactory, Nos. 29 and 31 Kunckle street, between Third and Fourth, above Callowhill street, Philadelphia, viz:
1000 boxes Mould Candles, [illegible]
[illegible]
1000 lbs. white Soap, pure palm,
[illegible] do. scented,
1000 lbs. Variegated or Mottled Soap,
1000 small boxes Fancy Soap, 6 doz. assorted for druggists
100 boxes No. 1 Yellow Soap, in shipping order, containing 15 bars, 20 lbs. each.
[illegible]
Also the Palm Soap, warranted genuine.
Also, a large assortment of yellow and brown Soap, cut in 1 lb. bars, suitable for retailers.
100 barrels good quality Soft Soap, well calculated for the use of Public Institutions, at $1 75 per barrel.
[illegible]
Also, Tallow, Potash, Barilla, Lime, Salt, Palm Oil and Candle Wick, kept constantly on hand, and for sale as above.
All goods purchased at the above establishment, delivered to any part of the city, free of expense.
N. B.—The highest price given for Tallow, country Soap, and wood Ashes, &c. JOSEPH B. GRAVES.
june 20—4t

Removal.

PETER WRIGHT respectfully informs his customers and country merchants, generally, that he has removed his China, Glass and Queensware establishment, from No. 34 [illegible] where he is now opening (received by the latest arrivals) a general assortment of new and elegant goods, consisting of all the varieties of the latest patterns and colours, which in addition to his former assortment, he offers to purchasers on reasonable terms. Country merchants and dealers generally, are respectfully solicited to call and examine for themselves. They may rest assured that no exertion shall be spared to give satisfaction at regard paid to the directions and wishes of those who favour the establishment with their patronage. jan 3—tf

Durability, Convenience and Economy.

GOLD'S PATENT UNION OVEN. This beautiful article, designed for baking and roasting, and also answer [illegible] other purposes—embracing every good quality that could be thought of—free from every defect, and wholly unequalled, is now offered for inspection and sale at 21 South Seventh street. For durability, convenience and economy, no article of the kind will ever surpass this. We challenge any one to point out any essential defect. It is warranted to operate well, and may be returned free of charge if it fails to do any thing that we promise of it. One of its valuable properties is, its great simplicity; any one can manage it. It is constructed on principles perfectly original, and is made of all sizes, suited to hotels, boarding houses and private families. It is warranted to bake twice as quick as any other oven, and of Charcoal, to bake bread of the best quality. We have all things in corresponding time. Let such as are interested call and buy, prove it by trial.
GOLD, FOSTER & Co. 78 Nassau st. New York.
WILLARD JONES, Agent,
21 South Seventh street Philada.
may 9—3m

Wm. D. Nolen, Surgeon Dentist,
And Manufacturer of Porcelain Teeth,
No. 134 NORTH EIGHTH STREET, PHILADA.
may 7 '35—1y

Ne Plus Ultra.

GOLD'S PATENT UNION OVEN, is kept for inspection and sale at No. 21 South Seventh street, by the subscriber. To show how they are appreciated by those who have had them in use for some time, the following certificate is thought sufficient, although many more can be obtained if necessary. WILLARD JONES.
Philadelphia, June 19th, 1835.

We, the subscribers, having Gold's Union Oven in use, find it to answer fully its recommendations, and unhesitatingly unite in pronouncing it the first and only substitute for the Brick Oven, calculated to give universal satisfaction.
CHARLES P. HEATH, No. 5 North 13th street.
JACOB HUCKEL, No. 18 Lombard street.
WILLIAM EDWARDS, No. 70 Chesnut street.
CHARLES PIROT, No. 15 Washington square.
may 9—6m june 27—'35

Boarding.

A FEW GENTLEMEN BOARDERS, can be accommodated with boarding in a private family, by applying at No. 32 Bank street, between 2nd and 3rd and Market and Chesnut streets. june 13—4t*

To Surgical Instrument Makers.

SEVERAL good journeymen are wanted immediately, at the Surgical Instrument Manufactory, corner of Eighth and Zane streets. Also, one first rate grinder, as above.
june 27—4t GEO. P. SCHIVELY & Co.

Yellow Springs Hotel
And Boarding House.

THE proprietor of the above named establishment, respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she has her establishment fitted up and completely ready for the reception of company, and Summer boarders; long experience in business, to give satisfaction to all who may be pleased to favour her with a visit. The Baths are in excellent order. She deems it unnecessary to say any thing further in regard to the mineral quality of the waters, as they are generally known. MARGARET HOLMAN.

N. B.—A daily communication between the Yellow Springs and Philadelphia, will be continued during the season, by way of the Columbia Rail Road, 29 miles of the distance, when a splendid coach, with good horses, will be in readiness to convey the passengers to the Springs. The Car will leave Broad street every morning at 7 o'clock, and arrive at the Springs at half-past 12 o'clock. Returning, leave the Springs at half past 6, and arrive in the city at 2 o'clock. Fare through $1 25. For seats, apply at the office, White Swan, Race st. and at Red Lion, Market street above Sixth street.
june 27—4t

Macpelah Burial Ground.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the above Burial Ground, situated at the N. E. corner of Prime and Eleventh streets, is still open for the reception of interments, at the following rates, viz:—For children under 3 years of age, $1; from 3 to 15, $1 50; and all persons 15 years old or upwards, $2, and $1 50 for digging each grave.

Orders for interments may at all times be obtained from either of the following persons, viz:
William Adams, President, No. 28 Old York Road, 3d door above Wood street.
Charles L. Rumbler, Vice President, Vine above Broad st.
Thomas W. Newton, Secretary, S. W. corner of Thirteenth and Filbert streets.
Peter Williamson, Treasurer, Northeast corner of Second and Almond streets.
Or to either of the following named Directors.
Robert Green, N. E. corner of Fourth and Pennypack road,
David Cain, No. 25 South Fifth street,
[illegible]
[illegible]
J. W. Mellen, [illegible]
[illegible]
John Lownes, No. [illegible]
John B. Norris, No. [illegible]
Daniel Neall, [illegible]
John Carter, Jr. [illegible]
A careful Superintendent [illegible] at all times to superintend [illegible] The conveyance [illegible] the Board of Directors [illegible] their Burial Ground [illegible] may be adapted [illegible] Members of the Society [illegible] the Treasurer and Secretary [illegible] Deeds for the [illegible] deeds and [illegible] favourable to [illegible]
By order of the Board of Managers.
jan 16—eo3m THOMAS W. NEWTON, Sec'ry.

Rheumatic Explosive Cordial.

A Sovereign Remedy for the Gout and Rheumatism.
[illegible]
Sold by the Agents.
mar 16—eo3m BLAKEMAN & Co.
[illegible]

Dr. D. Jayne's
CARMINATIVE BALSAM & HEALTH RESTORATIVE—for Marasmus, Dysentery, or Asiatic Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea or Looseness, Dyspepsy, Sick or Nervous Head Ache, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Summer Complaint, Cholic, Cramp, Sour Stomach, &c.

TO THE PUBLIC.—[illegible]

[illegible]

"This medicine is put up in round large moulded phials of 2 oz and 6 oz each, with the words "Dr. D. Jayne's Carminative Balsam," blown on them, and the written signature of Dr. Jayne is the bottom of each direction—none others are genuine. [illegible]

[illegible]

For sale by DR. D. JAYNE, sole Proprietor, Salem, N. J., and by [illegible] corner of Second and Market sts. [illegible] Drug Store, No. 207 Market street, [illegible] corner of Third and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, and by agents in most of the cities in the United States. may 30—3m

Fresh Drugs and Medicines.

THE subscriber, thankful for past favours, wishes to inform his friends and the public generally, that he intends to keep on hand at his Store, N. E. corner of 5th and Wood streets, Philadelphia, a general assortment of fresh Drugs and Medicines of the best quality. Patent medicines of all kinds. Dr. Jonathan Moor's Essence of Life, highly esteemed for the cure of coughs, colds, asthma, consumption, &c. &c.

Lately imported from Hamburgh, Dr. Lang's celebrated German Pills, for the cure of paralytics and other diseases of bodily members, occasioned (or pilled) which operate without any nausea, giddiness, frenzy, and vapours, [illegible] [illegible]

Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, a celebrated medicine for purifying the blood, and is a safe and sure remedy [illegible] [illegible] W. M. JENNINGS.
jan 31—tf

Lorenzo Dow's Medicine.

THIS medicine has been found of great efficacy by thousands in New England and elsewhere, for the cure of the following diseases, viz:—Bilious Fever, Dyspepsia, Ague, Costiveness, Loss of Appetite, Affections of the Liver, Dysentery, common Bowel Complaints, and Female weakness.

Recommendation.—We, the subscribers having made a free use of Lorenzo Dow's Family Medicine, do certify, that we believe it to be a safe and speedy cure for the above mentioned complaints. We believe it particularly well adapted to the case of Persons in a debilitated and declining state.
Signed, Peter Guide, Daniel Burroughs, ministers of the gospel; and Sylvester Gilbert, Judge of the Court, in Hebron, Connecticut.

☞ Made and sold by J. WINEBRENNER, Harrisburg, Pa. sole Proprietor for Pennsylvania and the adjoining states. Also, sold by E. Jordan, S. E. corner of Arch and Third sts. W. Scattergood, S. W. corner of Green and Second streets. J. Pinkerton, corner of Mead Alley and South Second street. and by E. A. Haskins, Western Drug Warehouse, No. 276 Market street, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents per bottle.
ap 18—3m

Mrs. R. L. Smith,

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public generally, that her store, which was recently destroyed by fire, has been rebuilt, and that she can now offer an extensive assortment of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, at the old stand, No. 266 North Second street, near Race, viz:—

The goods are selected with great care, comprising the newest and most desirable styles in the market, and will be sold at her unusually low prices. The following articles are included in her assortment, viz: London style prints, stripe and plaid ginghams, rich fancy do., cambric and jaconet muslins, book, mull and Swiss do., super stripe do., rich plaid and check do., superior open work do., rich embroidery do., [illegible] [illegible]
may 9—3m

Montgomery County.

IN the matter of the application for an inquest to value and appraise the real estate of Jane Price, late of Lower Merion, late of said county, deceased.

At an Orphans' Court held at Norristown, in and for said county, the 18th day of April, A. D. 1835, before the Honorable John Fox and Hiram McNeil, Judges of the said court, on motion of Benjamin Powell, the Court grant a rule upon all the Heirs and legal Representatives of said deceased, to be and appear at an Orphans' Court, to be held at Norristown, in and for said county, on Monday, the 17th day of August, A. D. 1835, at 10 o'clock, A. M., then and there to accept or refuse the real estate of said deceased at the valuation thereof [illegible]
june 6—9t JOHN H. SHEETZ, Clerk.

To the Printers of the U. States.

J. SPITTALL, wood letter cutter and engraver, No. 21 Franklin Place, Philadelphia, respectfully announces to the Printers of the United States, that he has commenced the manufacture of WOOD LETTERS.

From his general knowledge of the business, and long practical acquaintance with printing, he is convinced his letters will at least, bear comparison, in every respect, to any made in America, and warranted to be superior to those made by patent machinery.

Wood Letters of every description, from four to thirty-four lines Pica, or upwards, made to order on the shortest notice.

Ornamental letters of entirely new and most splendid patterns, for Heads of Newspapers, Title Lines, &c. from two lines Great Primer to any size larger.

J. S. invites the attention of the trade to his Fancy Letters, confident that nothing equal to them has hitherto been submitted to their notice. These letters will be cut on box-wood of the best quality, and well seasoned, and will be less liable to damage than type metal.

His type generally will be made of materials of the best seasoned, well seasoned, and prepared by machinery, invented for the purpose, which ensures the most exact adjustment.

Sorts in all cases, excepting when intended to complete fonts purchased from the above, charged extra.

Specimens will be published as early as possible.

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, executed with neatness and promptitude. Heads for Newspapers, Fac similes, Ornamental and Plain Rules, &c. &c. cut with the greatest accuracy in type metal or wood.

Borders for large bills, &c. cut to any pattern, in pieces regulated to fit any size.

Old cast metal cuts, ornaments, &c. engraved over, and made equal to new, for half their original cost.

J. S. will keep constantly on hand every material necessary for a Printing Office. A liberal discount for cash. Six months, credit on the most approved security. Orders from the country promptly attended to. All letters must be post paid. apr 11—tf

Hides, Oil and Leather.

THE Subscriber has at his Hide and Leather Store, No. 21 South Third street, half way between Market and Chesnut streets, a large assortment of Spanish Hides, Tanners' Oil, Tools and Leather, viz:

2500 La Plata Hides,	800 La Guyra Hides,
2000 Chili, do	800 Pernambuco, do
1000 Rio Grande, do	all of the best quality,

2500 Heavy Green Salted Patna Kipps, for Upper Leather.
100 Bbls. best Straits and Bank Oil.
All of which he will sell on the most accommodating terms to Tanners.
A general assortment of Leather finished and in the rough.
Leather wanted, for which the highest market prices will be given for cash, or in exchange for Hides, &c.
DAVID KIRKPATRICK,
feb 28 '35—1y No. 21 South Third Street.

SHERIFFALTY.

To the Voters of the City and County of Philadelphia.
FELLOW CITIZENS—Having been recommended by a Town Meeting of my fellow citizens, I offer myself as a candidate for the office of SHERIFF of the City and County of Philadelphia, and respectfully solicit your support for the same at the coming Election, pledging myself, that if elected, I will discharge the duties of the office with promptness and fidelity. Yours, very respectfully,
JOSEPH SNYDER.
june 13—6m* No. 165 Walnut st. below 4th.

Important Information

TO FARMERS, who wish to improve their situations, by moving to the western part of the state of Pennsylvania, an opportunity is now offered for bettering their fortunes, at a small expense, in their own state. For one acre of land in the old counties, will produce sufficient to purchase twenty or thirty acres in a new county in the interior of the state; and the canal and rail roads, as to market place, all nearly upon an equal footing.

For sale, a large body of very fine land in Jefferson county, situate on the great road leading to and within a few miles of the county town of Brookville. The land is well watered and timbered, has the advantage of a navigable stream and in Pittsburg, and is within a settled and rapidly improving part of our state. [illegible] [illegible]
june 13—4t WM. PARKER.

The Consumption
Is Curable, with care and proper Remedies.

DR. RAFINESQUE, Professor of Medical Botany, &c. continues to practice exclusively as a Pulmist in the cure of the Lungs, and is very successful in curing or preventing them in all the stages. He has cured many hundred persons (from Boston to New Orleans) within seven years past, by pure remedies of various kinds, operating direct on the Lungs and by specific means, which are now well known, [illegible] [illegible]
may 16—tf DR. RAFINESQUE, [illegible] No. 110 North 10th street.

B. S. Gilbert,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD—No. 42 PRUNE ST
[illegible] apr 9, '35—1y

A Card.

W. L. BALLIFIELD, Surgeon Dentist, No. 167 [illegible] [illegible]
References.—Dr. George McClellan, Dr. John Rhea; and many [illegible]
may 30—3m

Canton House,
No. 39 South Eighth Street, third door below Chesnut street, and also at 203 North Second street (10 doors above Callowhill, west side.)

CHARLES & SYLVESTER, grateful to their friends and the public, for their very liberal share of patronage for the sale of Teas, Coffee, Chocolate and prepared Cocoa, Superior Gunpowder, Hyson, Imperial and Black Teas, Young Hyson, Souchong and Pouchong Teas.

C. & S. have adopted the system now universally adopted in all European cities, of selling TEAS EXCLUSIVELY, that families may obtain Teas in their original purity free from that PECULIAR flavour which they invariably acquire when sold in conjunction with general groceries.

The patronage of the families of the city and its vicinity, is respectfully solicited, to whom CHARLES & SYLVESTER submit a list of their own prices:

GREEN TEAS.

Superior Gunpowder,	$1 00 to 1 25
Extra Imperial,	1 00 to 1 12½
Superior Young Hyson,	75 to 1 00
Young Hyson of fine and good quality,	50 to 62½

BLACK TEAS.

Superior Pecco Tea,	$1 00
Souchong and Pouchong of excellent qualities, from	62½ to 75
Fine rough flavoured Souchong,	50

Fine old Green Coffee, prepared Cocoa, Chocolate and Roasted Coffee, fresh three times a week. DELIVERED FREE OF EXPENSE TO ANY PART OF PHILADELPHIA. feb 21—1y

THE CELEBRATED
Depurating Syrup.

THIS valuable Syrup, which now stands unrivalled in curing—

Scrofula or King's Evil,	Diseases of the Skin,
Syphilis,	Erysipelas, or St. Anthony's Fire,
Mercurial and Syphiloid Affections,	Obstinate Ulcerations,
White Swellings,	Diseases of the Liver,
Diseases of the Bones,	Chronic Rheumatism, &c.

And all diseases arising from impurities of the blood, is confidently recommended to those labouring under any of the above named forms of disease.

The truly extraordinary curative properties of this preparation, [illegible]

The Depurating Syrup is put up in flaked bottles, having a label covering the cork, on which is the signature of the subscriber, without which none is genuine. Directions for its use accompany each bottle. W. R. CLARIDGE.

Price $1. For sale, wholesale and retail, at the drug store of the proprietor, corner of Queen and Hanover streets, Kensington, and by the following Agents, [illegible] D. R. GEORGE, [illegible]
may 2—3m

Carpet Manufactory.

JOSEPH SWARTZ, No. 319 North Third street, next door to the Commissioners' Hall, Philadelphia, where fashionable Carpets are woven of different patterns, in the handsomest style. Also, ready made Carpets kept on hand, which will be sold wholesale and retail, at the most reasonable prices.

Orders thankfully received and punctually attended to.

The subscriber also informs the public, in general, that he has at present an extensive assortment of Domestic Carpeting for sale, of superior quality, which he can recommend to all parts of the United States, at very low prices for cash.

Also, several hundred yards very superior Plaid Carpeting.

N. B.—The advertiser has received a Silver Medal from the Franklin Institute, for manufacturing Carpeting of superior quality. feb 28—3m

T. M. Hughes & J. P. Wilkinson,

COFFIN MAKERS and General Furnishing Undertakers, No. 175 North Tenth, above Race, corner of Sergeant street, feel very grateful to their friends and the public in general, for the liberal encouragement received since they commenced business, and hope, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage. They have on hand a large assortment of ready made Coffins, of all sizes, and they will furnish hearse and carriages [illegible] Carriages, equal to any in the city. They will also attend to getting [illegible] and graves opened, if desired. The charges will be very moderate, and every thing will be done to give satisfaction.

N. B.—Cabinet Makers will find it to their advantage to call on the Subscribers for any thing they may want in the above named business. may 16—6m

Wholesale and Retail Bedding
WARE-HOUSE, corner of 4th and Vine Sts.

THE Subscriber offers for sale the largest and best assortment in Philadelphia—such as ready made beds, bolsters and pillows, curled hair mattresses, moss do. cotton do. wool do. cattail do. straw do. high-post bedsteads, Feathers, do. French do. cots and sacking bottoms, the best kind goose feathers, by the pound or in quantity; western feathers, bed ticking by the piece or single yard; curled hair, moss and cattail by the pound.

N. B. Old hair mattresses repaired. (*All goods bought at this store will be warranted.*) E. CLARK.
feb 7 '35—1y*

To the Ladies.

CHEAPEST and most fashionable Furs in the city. No. 108 North Second street, 7 doors above the Custom-house, and 70 Chesnut street, below Commons Hall.

DAVID LEVINE, Manufacturer and Importer of Furs, respectfully informs the ladies, that he has opened another Fur Store at No. 79 Chesnut street, where he will sell at his usual low prices. Ladies are invited to call and see, before they purchase elsewhere, his extensive stock of Boas, Pelerines, Capes and Muffs, and particularly his Lynx, as he has every advantage by selecting his Furs in Europe himself. dec 6 '34—1y

Northern Liberties Riding School.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has again opened, back of No. 320 N. Front street, his Riding School, for the reception of ladies and gentlemen. The yard is pleasant and airy, private, the horses gentle, well broken and perfectly safe, possessing all the variety of gaits suited to the comfort and ease of the rider. Persons desirous of attaining a knowledge of so pleasant and healthful an accomplishment, will have the opportunity of instruction in this School without the least danger, and in a short time acquire a knowledge of horsemanship upon the most correct principles, that will enable them to avoid the many accidents that so often occur from persons unacquainted with the treatment of those noble animals. To those wishing to ride for the benefit of their health, particular attention will be paid. Also, to hire on reasonable terms, Horse and Gigs, Barouches, Dearborns, Carriages, and ladies and gentlemen's Saddle horses of the first quality. For terms, apply to
ap 18—6m THOMAS CRAIGE, No. 320 N. Front st.

A Horse-Power Mill,
Very appropriately called "A Farmer's Mill."

UPON a new and improved construction, has recently been invented, and may be seen in operation, at No. 3 Green street, to which the attention of Farmers, and others, is invited. The public generally, are requested to examine it, and judge for themselves of its advantages over the old fashioned mill now in use. With a horse, it is capable of grinding from 20 to 30 bushels of grain, suitable for horse feed, per day. The cheapness of these mills, and the facility with which they may be erected at any place, and their extreme simplicity, will particularly recommend them to the attention of any person, but more particularly those at a distance from mills. For a mill to grind horse-feed or corn, a horse mill is complete by a single [illegible] [illegible]

A horse-power machine, is also well adapted for any purpose requiring such power, as lathes, threshing machines, straw cutters, &c. &c., and will be furnished as cheap, if not cheaper, than a machine upon any other construction.

An Improved Water Wheel,
Patented as the "Double Power Re-action Water Wheel."

State, county, or single Rights or Wheels ready for use, will be contracted for upon liberal terms.

Goodspeed & Wiswell's
Patent "Circular Vertical and Angular Sawing and Boring Machine, for Wheelwrights, Cabinet, Chair-makers, &c."

COUNTY, township, or shop Rights, with or without a Machine, within the state of Pennsylvania, for sale.

Coston's Improved Patent Hat and Bonnet Press.

FOR Leghorn straw or chip hats, manufactured and for sale as usual at No. 10 Elfrith's alley, patent rights for the eastern states, or any sectional part thereof, for sale.

Clark's Improved Patent Churn.

N. B.—A few shop rights for making and vending these Churns within the city or county of Philadelphia, will be disposed of on moderate terms.

For further particulars, apply to J. R. SLEEPER.
ap 18—3m No. 121 North Second street.

Looking Glasses,
At Auction Prices.

THE subscribers manufacture all kinds of Looking Glasses, with Gilt, Mahogany and Pine Frames, and sell them as low as they can be sold at Auction or in the Auction rooms. Any size or descript on manufactured to order. Plates separate from the Frames, at the lowest prices.
WILLIAM NEAL & Co.
149 Market street, 4 doors below
may 2—3m Fourth, north side, up stairs.

Painter and Glazier.

JAMES CHAMBERS, No. 274 Callowhill street, between Lawrence and Eighth streets, thankful for past favours, would inform his friends and the public, that he continues the House and Sign Painting, Glazing, Wall Painting, Imitations of Mahogany, Maple, Marble, &c., which he will execute at the shortest notice and on reasonable terms.

N. B.—Ready mixed Paints, Oil, Glass, Putty, Varnish, and every article connected with the above business, for sale wholesale and retail.

☞ An Apprentice wanted nov 15—'34—1y

Cheap Hat Stores.

NO. 309 Callowhill street, (north side,) second door below Sixth street, and No. 436 Market street, (north side,) 3rd door below Broad street.

JAMES HILL, has always on hand, at his stores an assortment of FUR and SILK HATS, of the best workmanship, manufactured under his own superintendence, which for quality cannot be surpassed in the City or Liberties.

J. H. particularly requests the attention of the public, to his improvement in the manufacture of SILK HATS. Gentlemen, by sending the measure round their heads, the number of inches high, and the size of the Brim, can have a Hat made agreeably to their order.

☞ A liberal discount made to Country Merchants. Hatters supplied with Fur Hats in the rough, or Silk Hats, on the most liberal terms. feb 7—1y

Cheap Books & Stationery

FOR sale by URIAH HUNT, 101 Market street, (sign of the Mammoth Ledger) a large and extensive assortment of Books and Stationery, particularly adapted to the wants of country merchants and others. Terms accommodating for cash or approved credit. may 9—6m

Circular.

THE Subscriber most respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has opened a LADIES' SHOE STORE, at the stand formerly occupied by the Misses Brown, N. E. corner of Ninth and Locust streets, where he will at all times be fully supplied with a very general assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Shoes, made by first rate workmen, every variety of fashion, and warranted to please. The former customers of the establishment, and the public generally, are invited to call and examine the assortment.
JOSEPH EVANS.
N. B.—The business as heretofore conducted at No. 259 Market street, will be continued. apr 11 '35—1y

Vegetable Worm Lozenges.

THESE Lozenges can be recommended with confidence to the public, as a preparation well calculated to relieve from those troublesome and dangerous vermin; and being in a palatable form, may be administered to children with greater ease and facility than medicine of any other nature. They being purely vegetable, admits them to be given without the apprehension, when mercurial remedies have been used; and no danger after their employment, is necessary, as the combination of them embraces every thing that is requisite to their use, for the prescribed intentions. Sold wholesale and retail by the subscriber, No. 81 North Fourth street.
CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL.

They may also be had at the Southeast corner of Pine and Sixth streets.

ODONTALGICA—A Medicine to relieve the Tooth Ache. There pills, prompt and efficacious in their action, give relief generally, on the introduction of one of them into the hollow of a decayed Tooth, in a very short time; and do not injure or destroy the surrounding Teeth from the use of them. The advertiser having had ample proof, by experiment, of their efficacy in this complaint, offers them, without hesitation as a valuable article to the community. To be had as above, No. 81 North Fourth street. june 6—6m

Valuable Property for Sale.

IN Clearfield county, Pa. 200 acres of land on the bank of the west branch of the Susquehanna river. [illegible] [illegible]
june 20—6t* JOHN SMITH.

Philadelphia
SUSPENDER & [illegible]
MANUFACTORY,
No. 6 South Fourth [illegible] below Market.

A. L. VANHORN [illegible] [illegible]
respectfully invited to give him a call, before purchasing at the old established stand No. 6 South Fourth st.
N. B.—Stock Frames and Buckles for sale by the dozen. Also stocks covered to order, on moderate terms.
may 23—tf

Glenn's Highly Improved

BEAR'S OIL, for the growth, preservation and beauty of the Hair—warranted genuine. [illegible] [illegible]

For unbeautiful red, light or grey hair and whiskers, to a good brown or jet black in a few hours, without staining the skin, or soiling the finest linen. The dye is perfectly harmless, does not rub off. [illegible] it can be applied without much trouble, and with the certainty of its effects. Price 75 cents.

The above articles are offered to dealers, at a liberal discount from the retail prices; and all orders from abroad [illegible] subscriber, will meet with prompt attention. [illegible] cleaning the article, are requested to ask for Glenn's, as various imitations of the above articles are for sale.
J. W. GLENN,
Manufacturer and Perfumer, No. 54 South Third st.
Sign of the Vase of Flowers, opposite the Exchange.
may 23—3m

Watches,
Cheap for Cash or Exchange.

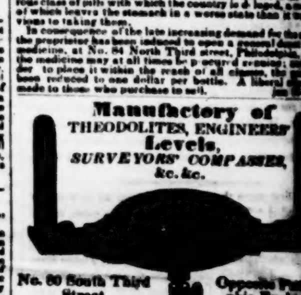
THE subscriber having on hand a large assortment of [illegible] [illegible]
Ear rings, Finger-rings, Breast-pins, Bracelets, [illegible] Seals, Keys, &c. &c. JOHN FRITZ,
No. 160 North Second st. corner of New st. Phila.
☞ Old Gold and Silver bought or exchanged.
N. B. Chronometers, Patent Levers, Repeating, Lepine and Plain Watches, repaired, cleaned and warranted.
jan 17—6m

DYSPEPSIA
CURED BY
JOY'S ELIXIR

AS a general and powerful Tonic and stomachic this article surpasses any medicine yet discovered, [illegible] should be found in every family, as it meets [illegible] indisposition [illegible] [illegible]

In consequence of the late increasing demand for the Elixir, the proprietor has been induced to establish a general Depot for the medicine, at No. 84 North Third street, Philadelphia, where dealers [illegible] [illegible] been reduced to one dollar per bottle. A liberal discount made to those who purchase to sell.

Manufactory of
THEODOLITES, ENGINEERS'
Levels,
SURVEYORS' COMPASSES,
&c. &c.



No. 60 South Third Street, Opposite Philadelphia Exchange.

THE subscriber respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture [illegible] of Mathematical and Optical instruments, [illegible] them to be at least equal to any imported or manufactured in this country. The numerous recommendations he has received, from eminent Engineers and other [illegible] gentlemen, [illegible]

As surviving partner of the late firm of [illegible] he also flatters himself to continue to receive a share of public patronage, as accuracy of the high [illegible] universally conceded to their instruments.

☞ Orders from any part of the United States, will be received and punctually attended to, on the most liberal terms, by
feb 14—1y EDMUND DRAPER.

Silver Plate, Spoon and Fork
MANUFACTORY,
Southwest corner of Fifth and Cherry Streets.

THE Subscribers [illegible] [illegible] neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order. R. & W. WILSON.
nov 1 '34—tf

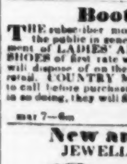
Pugh Madeira,

SURGICAL INSTRUMENT AND ELASTIC TRUSS Maker, has removed from North Third street, to No. [illegible] Seventh street, four doors above Chesnut, Philadelphia.
mar 16 '33—tf

Boots and Shoes.

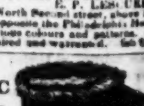
THE subscriber most respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has on hand a large assortment of LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES of first rate workmanship and materials, which he will dispose of on the most moderate terms, at wholesale and retail. COUNTRY MERCHANTS are respectfully invited to call before purchasing elsewhere, as they are assured that in so doing, they will find it to their advantage.
OLIVER WHILLDIN,
mar 7—6m No. 300 South Second street.

New and Fashionable
JEWELLERY, WATCHES, &c.



THE subscriber, having [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] Musical Boxes, Silver Spoons, Plated and Britannia ware, &c. &c. E. P. LESCURE,
No. 76 North Second street, above Market, opposite the Philadelphia House.
N. B.—Bead bags of various colours and patterns. Clocks and watches carefully repaired and warranted. feb [illegible]

PATENT
GUM ELASTIC
Boots and Shoes.



THE undersigned has constantly on hand, a general assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gum Elastic Boots and Shoes, with Leather Soles cemented to them. They are superior to all other kinds for water wear. Also, a good assortment of plain Gum Elastic Over Shoes, by the case or dozen.
Also, Gum Elastic Table Covers, &c. &c.
Country Merchants and others, are respectfully invited to call and examine them. SAML. D. [illegible]
april 5 '34—tf No. 13 North [illegible]

Coal Grates and Fenders.

JAMES M. JACKSON respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he [illegible] [illegible]
☞ A liberal discount [illegible] wholesale purchasers.
N. B.—Black Lead, Rottenstone and Lustre of [illegible] quality for cleaning Grates and Stoves. ap [illegible]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
By Samuel Coate Atkinson,
No. 36 CARTER'S ALLEY,
Third door below Third street, near the Girard Bank.
TERMS—$2 50, if paid during the year.
$2 00, if paid in advance.
$3 00, if not paid during the year.
$1 25, for six months.
☞ *The above terms mean literally what is expressed. Any person, by subscribing, makes a CONTRACT ("as we understand it") to comply with these terms, the same as when purchasing any article of property at a stipulated price; a deviation from these terms cannot be claimed as a right.*
[illegible] entirely at the option of the publisher while arrearages are due.
°°° Small notes of Solvent Banks, received at par value for subscriptions, &c. by mail.
☞ Unpaid Letters not taken from the Post-Office.

Vol. XIV.